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CENTRAL FIGURES OF IRISH HISTORY

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THE

CENTRAL FIGURES

OF

IRISH HISTORY

FROM 400 A.D. TO 1603 A.D.

BY

WILLIAM FRANCIS COLLIER, LL.D.
TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN
AUTHOR OF "HISTORY OF IRELAND FOR SCHOOLS"

London:
MARCUS WARD & CO., LIMITED
ORIEL HOUSE, FARRINGDON STREET
AND AT BELFAST AND NEW YORK
1891

941.8

PRINTED BY
MARCUS WARD & CO., LIMITED
ROYAL ULSTER WORKS
BELFAST

B1962.

Dedicated

TO

GERALD FITZGERALD,

FIFTH DUKE OF LEINSTER,

TWENTY-FOURTH EARL OF KILDARE,

AND

CHIEF OF THE IRISH GERALDINES.

PREFACE.

I WAS led to think of writing this book by the following sentence in Froude's *English in Ireland* (vol. i., p. 23): "In the annals of ten centuries there is not a character, male or female, to be found belonging to them (*i.e.*, the Irish people) with sufficient firmness of texture to be carved into dramatic outline."

It is a severe sentence—partly true. True, so far as it refers to the almost unmixed Celtic type of Irishman, on whose fate the words of the curse pronounced upon Reuben seem to be written for all ages—"Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel"; but emphatically *not* true of that better Irish race—hope and safeguard of the land—in whose veins a mingled current runs of Saxon, Norse, and Gael.

My object has been to depict, in a graphic style, the great actors on a troubled stage, up to the final conquest of Ireland in 1603. The biographical method has been chosen as being more dramatic, and, therefore, more likely to give readers, in attractive form, a clear view of those earlier events —fateful "seeds of time"—out of which the Ireland of later days has grown.

W. F. C.

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SAINT PATRICK.

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IN the dark ages of European history dawn arose—contrary to the physical rule—not in the East, but in a remote island of the West.

From a rude Latin essay, called the *Confession* of St. Patrick, which one may read in the Book of Armagh, and which bears every mark of an authentic work, we learn something of how this dawn

Confessio.

grew bright. But we must make allowance, in reading the story, for the tendency of an early age to interweave legend with fact.

St. Patrick probably wrote another Latin work—an *Epistle to Coroticus*—whose Welsh name, *Caredig*, survives in the word Cardigan. Landing in Ireland, this ferocious chieftain dyed in blood the white robes of some Christian converts on the very day of their baptism. Others he carried off as slaves. The stern appeal and remonstrance addressed to him by the Irish Saint were unavailing; no reply but scorn greeted the Epistle.

Epistle to Coroticus.

The difficulty of getting a clear view of this earliest and greatest of Irish missionaries increases, when we find that during the fifth century there were at least three Patricks in the field. If a man then did not like his name, he chose another. The fine sonorous Roman name *Patricius* (illustrious or noble) became fashionable; and the historical student finds himself in the difficult position of having to disentangle complicated biographical details connected with three men who bore the same

Three Patricks in the field.

name—(1) Palladius or Patrick, the unsuccessful predecessor of the Saint, who came from Rome to Wicklow, consecrated by Pope Celestine as "the first bishop sent to the Irish believing in Christ"; (2) the Saint himself; and (3) a claimant of the name known as Sen-Patrick, or Patrick the older.

Originally called *Succat*, a British word meaning "strong in war," the Saint in later life assumed the Latin name *Patricius* (Irish *Patraic*), by which alone he is celebrated as the Patron-Saint and Apostle of Ireland.

Born at Nemthur, where Alcluaid or Dumbarton afterwards stood, Patrick was the son of Conchessa (said by some to have been a sister of St. Martin of Tours) and of Calpornius, who, though in orders as a deacon, filled also the civil office of *decurio*, or magistrate under the Roman government. Of the Saint's childhood we know nothing. Travelling, probably when the Roman grasp on Britain grew slack, to Armoric Gaul or Bretagne with his parents, he was seized by British marauders, carried off to Dalaraidhe, and there sold as a slave to an Irish chief named Milchu. How little dreamed either

Birth.

the slave or his master that this transaction—the sale of a trembling lad aged sixteen—would prove to be one of those seeds of time from which the grandest fruits of history grow.

Life on Slemish.

On the slopes of Slieve-mish or Slemish, an isolated hump of basalt which rises by the river Braid in County Antrim, the youth spent six or seven years, undergoing a stern discipline of bondage. The solitude of his employment, herding cattle or swine, went far to deepen a religious fervour that already possessed his young soul. He prayed by night and by day, often reciting a hundred prayers in one day and as many by night, rising before the winter dawn regardless of frost or rain. We can well imagine what a hopeless eternity these seven years must have seemed to a boy, who could remember happy days in the bright Roman villa by the Clyde, or among the apple-trees of northern Gaul.

His escape.

At length came a dream. A Voice in his sleeping ear told him that two hundred miles away the ship waited which should carry him from the Irish shore. He

fled from Slemish at this mystic bidding; and, whether he sailed from Boyne, Bantry, or Killala, he found a ship, whose sailors received him in faith, although the churlish captain had previously refused him a passage. After three days at sea, they touched land, probably a part of France. They then journeyed for twenty-eight days through a wilderness—once at least without food, until they came upon a herd of swine, some of which they killed. Patrick tarried with these rude mariners for sixty days, until they reached the abodes of men; and then he made good his escape, from what he seems to have regarded as his second captivity. Some years afterwards he returned to his parents in Bretagne, then Armoric Gaul, and dwelt with them for a time. Earnestly they implored him to stay in safety with them. But no! One dominant desire—to convert to Christ the Irish, among whom he had drudged, and whose tongue he had then learned—swayed all his thoughts. Unwittingly, on the braes of Slemish, he had been preparing for this great task. Again came a dream, coloured, no doubt, by the

thoughts of day. He saw in his sleep a man named *Victoricus* coming from Hiberio (as the Saint always calls Ireland) with many letters in his hand. This figure gave a letter to the dreamer, who read therein the words, "The Voice of the Irish." And then he thought he heard the words of folk speaking in the wood of Fochlut, where he had hidden before escaping to the ship. And these voices said, "We pray thee, holy youth, to come and henceforth walk amongst us." A remarkable dream with an echo in it of St. Paul's vision, in which the man of Macedonia prayed him, saying, "Come over and help us!"

The strange dream.

Obeying the voice of this dream, much to the grief and dismay of his parents, St. Patrick crossed the sea, arriving in Ireland about the year 440 A.D. He seems to have touched first at the mouth of the river Vartry on the Wicklow coast. Though sorely in need of food, the crew could get none there, not even fish. Sailing northward, with the intention of visiting his former master Milchu, that he might obtain his freedom by ransom, he

St. Patrick reaches Ireland. About 440 A.D.

landed next on a low sandy island of the Skerries, off the shore of County Dublin. The name Inis-patrick still marks the place. Here also he failed to get a supply of fish. Resuming his voyage, the Saint then arrived at the entrance of Strangford Lough, where he landed at the mouth of a small stream, the Slaney, two miles from Saul.

Having hidden their boat, the missionary and his companions walked inland till they saw a swineherd, who ran in terror to his master Dichu, to announce that pirates had landed. Out rushed the chief, armed with a sword; but the calm benignant presence of the Saint soothed his rage. Instead of offering the violence which he had intended, Dichu received the little party of wayfarers into his house; and there "this first of the Scots who confessed the faith under Patrick's ministry" heard from the Saint the words of Eternal Life.

The chief Dichu.

After a short rest, St. Patrick went towards the scene of his early slavery. Sad yet sweet must have been the thoughts that rose, while Slemish, whose every whin-bush and rocky dell were familiar to

St. Patrick revisits Slemish.

him, grew above the horizon, as he toiled up the valley of the Braid. Painful though his bondage had been, the purple light of youth rested on those vanished years; and the troubles, that had seemed so bitter as they passed, were now mellowed by distance almost into pensive joys.

But as he drew near the homestead of Milchu, what a startling sight met his gaze! The house was in flames. Impelled, as the legend says, by a sudden temptation from Satan, the unhappy chief set fire to the wooden structure which he had called his home, and then leaped into the burning mass, in order to escape from the degradation of submitting to his former slave.

From this tragic scene St. Patrick returned to Lecale in Dalaradia, where for a time he dwelt with Dichu, sowing the seed of the Word. Two miles north-east of Downpatrick lies the village of Saul. Written in Irish *Sabhal*, this word means a barn. Our Saviour lay cradled at Bethlehem in a manger; the Christianity of Ireland found its cradle in a barn, given by Dichu

Founds a church at Saul.

to St. Patrick, and used by the Saint as his first church in Ireland.

Confronts the Druids at Tara.

After many days had passed calmly in local missionary work, St. Patrick sailed from Strangford Lough to the mouth of the river Boyne. He must see and speak to the King. Leaving his *currachs*, or leather boats, at the river mouth, he walked up the bank to Slane in Meath, where he arrived on Easter Eve. Druidic rites required that every fire should be extinguished on that night; so that when St. Patrick kindled a beacon on Slane Hill in commemoration of Pasch, the sight of the flame, which shone visible at Tara, excited the anger of King Layary, son of Niall. To him, wrathfully inquiring who had dared to light a fire in defiance of Druidic law, the priests answered, with a gleam of prophetic insight, that unless the flame thus kindled were extinguished that very night, it would burn for ever. The King, in order to avert so great a disaster, set out at once for Slane in his chariot, attended by his leading magicians. He summoned the audacious stranger to appear before him; and wild stories of

Druid efforts to slay St. Patrick, and of the Saint's escapes, fill the record of the interview between the King and this daring preacher of a new doctrine. After a prayer of St. Patrick, one of the Druids was lifted into the air and brained upon a stone. When the Saint intoned a psalm, darkness thickened in the sky, an earthquake shook the ground, and the pagans began in panic to slay one another. A Druid tried to poison Patrick, who rendered the cup harmless by simply blessing it. Another pagan priest covered the plain with sudden snow; but at a word the Saint caused this to melt!

Allowing for all these fanciful tales of miracle and mystery, we reach one solid fact, that about the middle of the fifth century St. Patrick arrived at Tara, and there preached "Christ and Him crucified" to King Layary and his assembled court. That he at once converted the King to Christianity may well be doubted, although the monarch may have formally accepted the new faith. It is clear that St. Patrick displayed skill and tact by ingrafting his teaching upon the tenets of decaying Paganism. Without

About 455 A.D.

offending the prejudices of his hearers, he thus contrived to win them to a calm hearing of the truth, which ultimately prevailed.

King Layary's youngest brother, Conall MacNeill, surnamed Gulban, receiving the Saint with joy, gave him a piece of land, on which he built a church sixty feet long.

Visits Connaught.

Patrick next penetrated into Connaught, whose wild moors no priestly foot had yet trodden. Perils beset his path. He suffered robbery; was put in irons; but he bought off his foes, paying, as he tells us, the price of "not less than fifteen men" to various chiefs and judges in order to secure their good-will. Arriving at length at the wood of Fochlut by the river Moy, he there addressed and baptised a vast multitude.

Converts Ethne and Fedelm.

The most striking legend of Patrick's success in making converts runs as follows:— Two daughters of King Layary—Ethne the Fair and Fedelm the Ruddy—who dwelt at Roscommon, coming before sunrise to a certain well, found the Saint seated there with a number of attendant bishops. Startled at the sight, the damsels asked who the strangers were. The

Saint replied, "It would be better for you to confess to our true God than to inquire concerning our race." After hearing the doctrines taught by St. Patrick, the girls, clad in white robes, received the sacrament of baptism. But this did not satisfy them. They asked to see the face of Jesus; and, finding that this could not happen until they had tasted of death, they partook of the Eucharist, and calmly lay down to die. The Druids, under whose care these girls had lived, also confessed their faith in God.

Having spent seven years in these missionary labours, St. Patrick left Connaught, and, after re-visiting Ulster, made a journey through Leinster and Munster. When he drew near to Cashel, says the legend, all the idols fell down before him; and Aengus, King of Munster, received him with marked honour. While administering the rite of baptism to this king, the Saint unwittingly struck the sharp point of his crosier through the monarch's naked foot. Supposing that this formed an essential part of the sacred ceremony, Aengus did not wince or utter any cry of pain, but continued

Preaches at Cashel.

to listen calmly to the words of exhortation. Not until he had pronounced the final blessing did the Saint perceive, red upon the grass, the blood that flowed from the wounded foot of the King.

Founds his chief church at Armagh.

We may regard the foundation of a cathedral-church at Armagh as the principal historical fact in the career of this great missionary bishop. Celebrated in early Irish story as the site of *Aven* or *Emania*, the chief military fortress of the Red Branch Knights, this place was now to gain a greater fame, and wield a wider power. A chieftain named Daire the Red, descended from Colla da Crioch (*i.e.*, *of the two countries*, in allusion to his connection with Alba or Scotland), had, by slaying the King of Ulster, acquired sovereignty over this district of Oirghialla or Oriel. He offered St. Patrick the site for a church. The Saint selected the "Hill of the Willow" (*Druim Sailech*) as a suitable place; but Daire thought it safer to give the stranger-monk a low-lying piece of grass land. Desirous, however, after a time, of doing honour to the Saint, the chief visited him, and presented

him with a brass caldron of foreign make. St. Patrick, on receiving the present, thanked Daire with the Latin words "*Gratias agam.*" Much offended, the chief, on returning home, complained that he had got no thanks for his fine present but some jargon like "Gratzacham;" and, before he cooled down, he sent his servants to ask the Saint that the caldron should be returned. "*Gratias agam,*" mildly replied St. Patrick; "take it." So pleased was Daire with the calmness of temper displayed in this repetition of the phrase, that he at once carried the caldron back, and also granted to Patrick, with all rights of chieftainship, *Druim Sailech,* the ridge for which he had previously asked. When chief and saint went up together to mark off the ground, they saw a roe and her fawn lying on the spot, where an altar was afterwards erected. Instinctively Daire felt for an arrow; but St. Patrick, forbidding him to kill the fawn, carried it—the mother trotting at his heels—to a safer place in another field. On the hill of Armagh, thus granted for a site, the Saint erected a circular earthen fortress, within which stood three other

About 445 A.D.

structures—(1) a Great House or Residence, (2) a Kitchen and Refectory, (3) an Oratory or Chapel.

Edits *Senchus Mor.*

To St. Patrick's pen, or at least to his editorial supervision, the original draft of the code of laws known as *Senchus Mor* (Great Antiquity) has been ascribed. Its other name, *Cain Patraic* (Patrick's Law), suggests this view. We may well believe that the Saint took a leading share in the reform of the old Pagan or Druidic laws, so as to shape them on the lines of Christianity; and he probably wrote something which, with later additions, grew into the *Senchus Mor*.

Death at Saul. About 493 A.D.

This good missionary and bishop of the Irish people died at Saul, and was laid in the grave at Downpatrick. From the confused and uncertain chronology of his life we cannot tell how many years he had then attained. Over his body a singular strife arose between the Hy Niall of Ulidia (Down) and the clan of Orior, which represented Armagh. Each claimed the dead Saint; nor was the dispute easily settled. At length the clergy devised a method of

deciding the affair. Two oxen, untamed to the yoke, bore the remains of their own accord to *Dun-da-leth-glaisse*, a hill already crowned with the earthworks that enringed the chief fortress of Ulidia.

Buried at Down-patrick.

And here, on the wind-swept height, St. Patrick, "after life's fitful fever," sleeps well —*quiescit* is the word of the old chronicles. Nor was the good he did "interred with his bones." Alike by precept and by example, he had created in the Scotia of his day a burning missionary zeal, which for centuries brightened the land with its radiance, and sent forth streams of healing light into those dark spaces of Continental Europe, over which the night of heathen ignorance then densely hung.

CHAPTER II.

SAINT COLUM-CILLE OR COLUMBA.

From 521 A.D. *to* 597 A.D.

Three Debts—Birth and Lineage—Boyhood—College Life—Derry founded—King or Monk?—Plants thirty-seven Irish Churches—Feud of the Copied Book—The *Cathac*—Flight from Tara—Battle of Cooldrevny—Synod of Teltown—In search of Peace—Saint Colum leaves Scotia—Iona and its Spell—A gift from Conall—Ruins on Iona—The Columban Abbey—Visitors—A Righteous Rage—Picts and Scots—Saint Colum penetrates to Craig Phadrig—Synod of Drumceitt—Irish Bards—The *Ambhra*—Two later Battles—Visits Ireland—Among the Hebrides—Death of Saint Colum—Relics.

SCOTLAND owes to Ireland—the older land of Scots—three things: (1) her name; (2) one of the three races which have made her prosperous and famous; (3) and, best of all, the permanent gift of that pure Gospel on which her civilisation rests. The following chapter tells the story of how that Gospel crossed the dividing sea.

Three debts.

Columba's birth and lineage. 521 A.D.

Amid the northern moors of Donegal, by Lough Gartan, the Apostle of Alba was born on the 7th of December, 521 A.D. His father, Fedhlimidh, was descended paternally from a celebrated warrior-king, Niall of the Nine Hostages, and maternally from Lorn, the first King of Scottish Dalriada. His mother, Eithne, a Leinster woman, also claimed royal lineage. Thus, with at least two streams of blue kingly blood mingled in his veins, this scion of the great race, called Hy Niall or O'Donnells, seemed destined from his birth to be a conqueror of men.

His boyhood.

Baptised in the black stream of Temple-Douglas, the boy exchanged his earlier and somewhat ignoble name, Crimthann, meaning "a wolf," for the gentler designation, Colum-cille, or "Dove of the Church." Through the oakwoods of Kilmacrenan, then called *Doire-Eithne* after his own mother, he wandered to pull the first primroses of the year. Here he dreamed the vague beautiful dreams of childhood; and hence he derived his earliest poetic inspirations from the song of birds, the breath of

flowers, the subtle influences of dawn, of gloaming, of moonlit sky. But to the priest who baptised him, and who taught him his earliest lessons, it soon became manifest that this boy's life would be no mere poetic dream, for already in his young years the flame of a great resolve began to burn in his soul.

College life.

Colum-cille received what in modern days we should call his collegiate education chiefly at three places: (1) in St. Finnian's School at Movilla, in County Down, near the head of Strangford Lough; (2) in the less rigid seminary of Gemmian, a Leinster bard—for even in these early years Colum-cille loved poetry and poets; and (3) in the monastery of Clonard in Meath, presided over by another and a greater St. Finnian. Ordained deacon at Movilla, he received priest's orders from the Bishop of Clonfad in Meath. The last scene of his scholastic life lay near the beautiful Tolka, which winds by Finglas and Glasnevin to the Bay of Dublin. Three fellow-students at Clonard—St. Comgall who founded Bangor, St. Ciaran of Clonmacnois by the Shannon, and St. Cainnech or Kenny, whose name

survives in the word Kilkenny—dwelt also at the same time in the huts of Glasnevin.

One of the sweetest of Colum-cille's Irish poems embodies his passionate love of Derry, "the fair oak-grove," the abode of his earliest manhood, the first sweet child of his evangelistic work. Here, when only twenty-five, he founded his first church on a site granted to him by Aedh, a monarch of his own clan. Driven from Glasnevin by a sickness, which broke up the happy school by the Tolka, he journeyed northward; and, when he crossed the Moyola, which runs into Lough Neagh on the west, he prayed that the pestilence might not pass that stream.

Derry founded: the fair oak-grove. 546 A.D.

At this period of Colum-cille's life a question seemed to tremble in the balance, whether his path of life should lie amid crowns and swords, or amid the gentler victories of the crosier and the missal; for in the Scotia of that date a man of royal lineage never knew at what hour he might be summoned to wear a crown—too often of blood and thorns. In the veins of Colum-cille the hot warrior-blood ran red; but he

King or monk?

was not destined to wield the sword. He became a soldier for Christ; and yet in his ecclesiastical conflicts of later years the sternness of this royal soldier, "a king's son of reddened valour," often showed itself. Deep in this resolute, almost vindictive character, which bore St. Colum-cille in triumph through peril upon peril, and made him the central figure of his age, there lay a vein of sentiment often melting into tenderness, which relieved the dark tint of his fiercer moods. Prompted, perhaps, by soft memories of *Doire Eithne*, he would never allow any of the trees in the oak-wood of Derry to be cut down. The monks might burn those trees only that had fallen by storm or by decay.

Henceforth Colum-cille devoted his life to the foundation of churches. And in Scotia (as Ireland was called until the eleventh century), between the foundation of Derry in 546 A.D. and the Saint's departure for Alba (Scotland) in 563 A.D., he is reputed to have planted and organised thirty-seven. Kells, Swords, Raphoe, Tory Island, and Drumcliff near Sligo were among these. The Saint

Columba plants thirty-seven Irish churches

loved solitude; he loved, too, bards and books; dearest to him of all was "the salt sea, where the sea-gulls cry;" and never did his poetic soul feel so entirely at rest, as when he escaped from the turmoil of active life to a lonely spot like the island of Arran off the Donegal coast, where his tranquil meditations were disturbed only by the clang of a bell that called to prayer.

We now reach the turning-point of this great life. His passion for books led to his exile. While he was visiting St. Finnian of Movilla, a Psalter attracted his admiration so strongly that he stole by night into the church to copy it, lighted as he wrote (says the legend) by a magic flame that burned from the uplifted fingers of his left hand. The legend adds that a wretched "Peeping Tom" who watched him through the keyhole lost an eye, then and there pecked out by a most convenient crane. St. Finnian in anger claimed the copy; Columcille declined to give it up; and when the Ard-ree of Ireland, King Diarmid, was chosen as umpire to settle the dispute, he decided in favour of St. Finnian on a principle of Brehon

The feud of the copied book.

law more simple than logical, quaintly declaring that, as the calf went with the cow, the son-book must go with the book.

The *Cathac*.

There is still preserved in the Royal Irish Academy a book called the *Cathac* (Fighter), which survives, after having been carried through a hundred battles as the sacred talisman of the O'Donnells. It consists of fifty-eight parchment leaves, inclosed in a silver case. Some allege this to be the veritable copy made by Colum-cille.

Columba's flight from Tara.

The Saint's anger, inflamed by this award, grew to ungoverned rage owing to a rash act of Diarmid. When Curnan, son of the King of Connaught, having slain a man, took sanctuary at Tara with Colum-cille, the Ard-ree tore him from this refuge and killed him. Hurling words of fierce denunciation at the monarch, who had thus dared to violate the sanctity of a church, Colum-cille fled from Tara to the North. Learning from the monks of Monasterboice that soldiers were lurking near the roads to seize him, he struck into a pathless region; and, as he went on his way, the silence of the lonely hills fell like dew upon his fevered

brain, and soothed him into song. There is no sweeter or more pious utterance in the ancient Irish tongue than Colum-cille's *Song of Trust*, composed during this perilous moorland journey to the North.

But this pensive mood soon passed. Burning with anger at the double wrong done him by King Diarmid, Colum-cille called to arms the Northern Hy-Niall; formed an alliance with the King of Connaught, father of the slain youth; and at Cooldrevny, four miles north of Sligo, inflicted a disastrous defeat upon the Ard-ree and his clan, the Southern Hy-Niall. The chroniclers ascribed the victory to the prayers of Colum-cille.

Battle of Cooldrevny.

561 A.D.

A Synod of the Church, convened at Teltown in Meath, probably owing to the influence of the defeated King, pronounced in his absence a sentence of excommunication on one whose vengeance had cost the lives of so many sons of the Church. When, a little later, Colum-cille confronted this assembly, he found a warm defender in St. Brendan of Birr; and the sentence was reversed. But "the iron had

Synod of Teltown.

entered into his soul." The proud and passionate soldier-priest felt his conscience thrill with remorse, as it had never thrilled before. It gave him no rest.

Wandering heartsick and restless, he found no peace till he reached Inishmurry, an island near Sligo, where St. Molaise dwelt. In search of peace. This monk pronounced a penance, which healed his soul but doomed him to perpetual exile. He must depart from Ireland, nor rest until he had rescued from Paganism, and baptised into the Christian Church, a number of souls equal to the number of the men slain by his means at the battle of Cooldrevny. In this stern sentence the Saint saw before him that pillar of fire which was to guide him across the Moyle, away from his beloved Ireland, and deep into the wildernesses of Alba.

A happy day assuredly for Alba, when Colum-cille, with twelve devoted adherents, Columba leaves Scotia. 563 A.D. having coasted from Derry to the mouth of the Bann, turned the prow of his "*Grey Currach*" steadily towards the north, and left the Irish coast behind. History reveals no more shining

figure than that of this soldier-monk of forty-two—gaunt, gigantic, grey-eyed—crushing down all tender memories of green Irish glen and sweet oakwood—as he sailed into an unknown sea, bearing the Silver Cross of that pure and living faith which has made Scotland a land of liberty and light.

The Saint probably landed first on the island of Oronsay, where, climbing a hill, he saw on the south-western horizon a dim cloud-like trace of the Irish coast. He could not live even within distant view of the land so loved, so lost. Pursuing his northward course, he soon afterwards reached the island of Hy, now Iona, and disembarked on the south shore, perhaps in the little bay still called *Port-a-Churraich,* or the Bay of the Osier-bark.

Iona and its spell.

It was early summer, about the time of Pentecost. Those who have sailed on these romantic waters know that Hy could not have tempted the exiles with its beauty. One low hill rose in the northern part of an island some three miles long. Grey was the prevailing tint of the gneiss rock; melancholy, the prevailing mood of that lonely

outpost of the world. Across a narrow sound to the east rose the reddish granite cliffs of Malea (Mull), whose gloomy *bens* shut in the prospect. Scattered around lay many islands—homes of gannet, gull, and seal. The spell of that weird region lies in the changeful moods and aspects of the sea. The short sweet summer brings the opal dawn—the sapphire noon—the evening that dies in amethyst and gold. In winter, what a change! when heaving leagues of sullen lead transform themselves in an hour into a chaos of waves, battling with whirling snow, or striving with white impotent fury to gnash the very rocks in twain.

A gift from Conall.

Hy or Iona* lay on the borderland between the country of the Picts and the realm called Scottish Dalriada, over which ruled Conall, a cousin of Columcille, for they both claimed descent

* The name Iona has a strange history. The island was originally called *Hy* or *Iou*. Adamnan, an abbot of Iona, who wrote the life of Colum-cille, making the latter form into a Latin adjective, wrote *Ioua insula*. Then careless copyists, inverting the *u*, wrote the form *Iona insula*, which, owing to a play on words (the Hebrew word *Jonah* or Iona coinciding in meaning with the Latin *Columba*—a dove), was ultimately adopted as the permanent name of the island.

from Lorn, the emigrant king, who in 506 had led a band of Antrim Scots into Kintyre. The Saint obtained a gift of Iona from this monarch, whose fortress on the mainland he visited; and the Pictish king afterwards confirmed this grant.

Later ruins on Iona.

Pilgrims to Iona, now, inspect with interest the roofless chapel of St. Oran, and admire two beautiful sculptured crosses on the eastern shore, which alone, out of many, vandalism has spared; but these relics, with all the grey fragments that mark the burial-place of Scottish kings till the time of Macbeth, belong to far later years than the time of Colum-cille.

The Columban abbey.

These ruins, however, scarcely mark the site of the Columban Abbey. A central *Ecclesia* formed the nucleus, around which grew minor structures—Refectory, Kitchen, Cells—all made of oaken wattles, intertwisted between upright stakes of thicker growth, and thatched with heather. The Abbot dwelt in a separate wooden hut on rising ground. Two monks always waited at his door, unless he wished to be alone. The community spent no idle

hours. Every monk had his task. Some ground grain in the *quern;* some caught fish and dried them; others trapped seals for the flesh and the skin, or conveyed milk in boats from the "Island of the Women." It is said that the Saint permitted neither a woman nor a cow to live on Iona, objecting to the presence of kine because "wherever there is a cow there must be a woman." On Wednesday and Friday the monks ate no meal but supper; on other days they dined at twelve. Often at midnight the clanking of a square sheet-iron bell roused the wearied brethren to pray in the chapel. Fast by day, vigil at night, toiling on the farm, and praying in "the dead vast and middle of the night"—these were the exercises in which Colum-cille trained those disciples who afterwards made the name of Culdee great and famous in the land. Sparing them not, he spared not himself. Retiring constantly for prayer to the woods or the solitude of the sea-beaten rocks, he "died every day he lived," and kept his thoughts steadily fixed on the great work of evangelisation which he had undertaken.

The Abbey of Iona soon became a busy

centre of influence and traffic, to which visitors flocked from both Erin and the mainland of Alba. Colum-cille received all visitors kindly, although their arrival often sorely interrupted his favourite occupation of transcribing the Gospels. Some came from religious motives—to do penance or to prepare for monastic vows; others, for medical advice; others, again, to pay court to a man of fame. One enthusiast, rushing to embrace the Saint, drew from him a gentle rebuke for upsetting on his gown the pot of soot-water that then served for ink.

A stream of visitors.

But his rebuke was not always so gentle. Though on most occasions he strove to discipline his high spirit to humility, yet sometimes, when roused to indignation, he poured forth a torrent of royal wrath and malediction, from which the offender slunk away, pale and scared. For example, we catch, in the story of Adamnan, a glimpse of the Saint in a righteous rage with some thief, who had dared to land upon Iona for purposes of plunder. Wading into the sea after the departing boat, he pursued it, as it fled, with ringing curses uttered in

In a righteous rage.

that tremendous voice of his that made the bravest quail.

The Picts and Scots.

Already influenced by feelings favourable to Christianity, which their forefathers had derived from the preaching of St. Patrick, and which had descended to the newer generations, the Scots of Dalriada yielded a slow but ultimately a willing obedience to the Abbot of Iona. But beyond the *Dorsum Britanniæ*, or Grampian Hills, there dwelt a bold heathen race of Scythian blood, who rushed to war, just as their British ancestors had rushed, with naked breasts tattooed in strange blue devices. The conversion of these Picts or "painted people" soon became the dearest hope, and afterwards proved the proudest triumph, of Colum-cille.

Columba penetrates to Craig Phadrig.

Slinging light *currachs* on their shoulders —much as the red man of Canadian wilds carries his bark canoe across a portage —Colum-cille and his attendant monks made their toilsome way, by moor and lake and stream, along that great glen now traversed by the Caledonian Canal, and floated down the waters of the beautiful Ness to the home of Bruidh, the

Pictish King, the site of whose fortress is still shown on a rocky eminence north of modern Inverness. Here the Abbot of Iona assailed Druidism in its last haunt. In vain the Magi uttered their spells and wove their mystic charms. Fortified with the favour of their prince, this strange intruding giant, with a voice of thunder, chanted the Psalms victoriously in their very faces—drank with impunity waters which they declared to be poisoned—broke their sacred trees—and yet stood there, unscathed and safe, like Elijah amid the prophets of Baal, in spite of all the terrors which they had invoked upon his impious head. Speaking to the Picts by an interpreter, he soon won their confidence, and made many converts. Of the *ninety* churches founded by this celebrated missionary of Christ, twenty-one lay amid the wilds of Pictland, while thirty-two belonged to Scottish Dalriada. To these numbers we must add the original thirty-seven churches of Irish foundation.

When, in 574 A.D., Conall, King of Scottish Dalriada, died, his cousin Aidan received consecration as his successor from the hands of

the Abbot of Iona. According to Scottish legend, this ceremony derived additional sanctity from the circumstance that the new King, Aidan, stood on the *Lia Fail* or Stone of Destiny, a block of reddish limestone, long treasured at Scone in Perthshire, and now reposing beneath the coronation-chair in the chapel of Edward the Confessor at Westminster Abbey.

King Diarmid, the ancient foe of Colum-cille, was now dead, having been assassinated at Rathbeg near Antrim ; and the Saint's old friend Aedh, who had given him a site at Derry for his earliest church, ruled as monarch of all Ireland. A great convention of Irish chiefs and clergy assembled at Drumceitt, near Lough Foyle, an eminence now called Daisy Hill, beside Limavady. The members dwelt in huts during the fourteen months of their deliberations. Aidan, King of Scottish Dalriada, attended this Synod, accompanied by the Abbot of Iona, who thus returned for the first time to his beloved Erin. Colum-cille was the controlling spirit of the assembly. Opposing the demands of the Irish King

Synod of Drumceitt.

575 A.D.

for homage and tribute from the new Scottish Kingdom of Dalriada, he secured a decision in favour of his adopted country.

Moreover, true to his old love for the Bards of Erin, he defeated a proposal to exterminate that powerful class, whose insolence and greed, fostered by the favour they found at the tables of the chiefs, had become unbearable to many. Fame or scorn hung upon the breath of a Bard. When he struck his harp in love, the crowded *Ale-House*, as they called the principal chamber, rang with plaudits, while he intoned the valorous deeds and princely lineage of a host glowing with pride and mead; but, if the red ale ran low, or the coins came too slowly from the princely purse, the battle-song changed to a growl of malediction, or to a witty sneer that sent a titter through the throng. Unduly puffed up with self-esteem, these rapacious guardians of Irish history and law, poetry and music, did so greatly magnify their office, and came so bitterly into conflict with both chiefs and clergy, that, while milder spirits spoke of exile as a cure, a sterner faction clamoured for a wholesale slaughter of

The Irish Bards.

the Bards. King Aedh proposed their abolition. But Colum-cille, retorting that the ripe corn must not be burned because weeds grew thick among it, pleaded so powerfully for his ancient friends, that they were spared on condition of diminishing their number and yielding obedience to certain rules framed by their saintly advocate. Dallan, the blind Homer of the Irish Bards, at once celebrated the occasion by composing a song in praise of St. Colum-cille. But the Abbot, having been chidden by his disciple, St. Baithen, for desiring to hear human praises, forbade the poet to recite the lines. This poem, called the *Ambhra*, remained unsung till the Saint's death ; but long thereafter it continued to stir the hearts of a song-loving people.

The *Ambhra.*

Regarding Colum-cille's later visits to Erin we have but scanty details. His imperious spirit embroiled him in two battles. Having disputed the jurisdiction of St. Comgall of Bangor over a church at Ross-torathair, he summoned the Hy Niall to conflict with the Dalaradians, and encountered his rival in the battle of Coleraine ; and later,

Two later battles.

in 587, at Cuil-fedha near Mullingar he took part in a struggle, similar to that at Cooldrevny, between the northern and southern branches of the Hy Niall.

We find tenderer glimpses of Colum-cille's later life in his visits to Durrow—that early home of his heart—and to Clonmacnois by the Shannon, a foundation of St. Ciaran. His journeys resembled triumphal processions. Monks, chanting hymns, prostrated themselves before him; a body-guard marched beside him to keep off the adoring throngs; children touched the border of his robe with loving awe.

Visits to Ireland.

But his real missionary work still lay amid the islands and mountain-glens of Caledonia. Constructing a fleet of leathern barks, he sent forth into the wild seas of the north many a daring sailor-monk—chief among them Cormac—who visited St. Kilda, the Orkneys, and even the Faroe Isles. Colum-cille himself often sailed to Skye and the neighbouring smaller islands, on which he had planted religious communities. Not content with instructing the Picts and Scots in the great truths of the Gospel,

Touring among the Hebrides.

he improved their material condition by teaching them to seek for wells, to irrigate their little corn-patches, to grow fruit-trees, and to erect dwellings of timber. He also treated diseases with simple medicines, and thus wrought many cures, which the superstition of his patients magnified into miracles.

Death of Columcille.

At last, at the age of seventy-six, came his time to die. On a car drawn by oxen he made a farewell round of the farms; blessed those labouring in field and granary; said a few affectionate words, as he passed by the site of Maclean's Cross, to an old white horse which had carried the milk-pails for many a day; and then feebly entered his cell to engage—for the last time—in his well-loved task of transcribing the Psalms. When he had reached the thirty-fourth Psalm, his strength failed. He dropped the pen, mur-

June 9, 597 A.D.

muring, "Baithen will finish it." But soon the clang of the midnight bell aroused him from his couch of stone. Tottering to the chapel, he knelt to pray before the altar, but sank forward on his face. They raised him—dead.

A storm, which blew for three days, pre-

vented many of those who had loved the aged Saint from following his remains to the grave. His body was buried by his own monks in Iona, where it rested for two centuries. A shrine covered with gold and silver, in which his bones were afterwards placed, attracted the Danes, who first made a plundering descent on Hy in 802. Sometime thereafter, the relics of the Saint were carried for safety to Ireland, where they were either scattered among various churches or interred—as one tradition asserts—at Downpatrick, beside the dust of St. Patrick and St. Bridget.

Relics of Columcille.

CHAPTER III.

KING BRIAN BORUA.

From 976 A.D. *to* 1014 A.D.

The Finn-gaill—Turgesius or Thorkils—The Dhu-Gaill—Called Ostmen—Dal Cais and Eoghanact—Mahon and Brian—Battle of Sulcoit—Murder of Mahon—Brian King of Munster—Malachy II. made Ard-ree—Battle of Glenmama—Brian takes Dublin—Queen Gormflaith—Brian's advance to Tara—Brian Ard-ree—Conquest of Ulster—Twelve years of peace—A Silver Button—A Game of Chess—Flight of Maelmordha—Siege of Dublin—Array against Brian—Brian's Army—Challenge at Clontarf—Ebb and Flow—Death of Turlough—Brian at Prayer—Brian slain—After the Battle—Demand of Cian—The Chief of Ossory—Second reign of Malachy—Funeral of Brian.

IN the year 795 some foreigners, called in the chronicles Gaill or Gentiles, landed on the island of Lambay, north of Howth, for the purpose of plundering the shrines. This was their first recorded descent on the Irish coast; and for many centuries afterwards, their dragon-boats, with

The Finn-Gaill.

the cruel flag of the Raven flying aloft, continued to dart upon the shores of Erin, so filling the land with blood and flame that the pure light of religion and learning, which had been kindled and cherished by Apostles like Patrick, Colum, and their successors, flickered and grew dim.

The Gaill or foreigners who first landed were a fair-haired race. Probably of pure Norse blood, they came from the Loch-land of the fiords or *viks* that serrate the western edge of Scandinavia. Hence they have been called *Vik-ings*—a name not connected, be it noted, in either meaning or etymology with their poetic appellation of "Sea-Kings."

The most powerful and successful of these Norse invaders of Ireland was Turgesius or Thorkils, who landed in the north, expelled the Abbot of Armagh, and made that city a centre from which he spread devastation throughout the island for fourteen years (831–845). Dissensions among the Irish clergy weakened the land and invited his attack. Stores of treasure, torn from burning churches, accumulated in his palace;

Turgesius or Thorkils.

and plans of complete sovereignty over Ireland were ripe in his ambitious brain, when, having fallen into the hands of the King of Meath, he was drowned in Loch Uair or Owel near Mullingar.

A few years later, the Dhu-Gaill—Black Gentiles, or Danes—appeared upon the scene. At Carlingford, in a battle which lasted for three days, these newcomers shattered the power of the Finn-Gaill; and Amlaff or Olaf the White became King of Dublin. His brothers, Sitric and Ivar, established their power—the one at Waterford, the other at Limerick.

The Dhu-Gaill. 852 A.D.

These Ostmen or Eastmen, as they came to be called, continued to ravage the land, meeting with some checks, but, on the whole, planting their feet, year by year, more firmly and victoriously on Irish soil, until in the last quarter of the tenth century, above the chaos of conflicting races, two giant forms arose. These were Malachy, who became King of Ireland in 980, and Brian, who in 976 received the crown of Munster in consequence of his brother Mahon's death. For thirty-four years these

Called Ostmen.

monarchs concentrated in their clashing fortunes all of interest that belonged to the Erin of their day.

Dal Cais and Eoghanact.

Oilioll Olum, a King of Munster in the third century, appointed by his will that the Kings of Cashel should be chosen alternately from the descendants of his eldest son, Eoghan (Owen), and his second son, Cormac Cas—an unworkable arrangement which ultimately broke Munster in two. There arose two minor kingdoms—(1) Thomond or North Munster, formed of Clare, Limerick, and part of Tipperary; and (2) Desmond or South Munster, consisting of Kerry, Cork, and Waterford. The men of Desmond, known as the Eoghanact or Eugenians, derived their name from Oilioll Olum's eldest son; while the second son, Cormac Cas, gave to the men of Thomond a name more splendid in renown—the Dal Cais or Dalcassians.

From the latter clan sprang the celebrated Brian Borua.*

* The name *Borua* was derived either from a fort (Borumha) near Killaloe where the captured cattle were kept, or from the Borumean (cow-tribute) which Brian exacted anew from Leinster. It had been first imposed by King Toole.

Kennedy, chief of the Dalcassians, left two sons, Mahon and Brian. The former ruled Thomond; the latter assisted him in his wars with the Danes, who, from their stronghold at Limerick, made ceaseless raids across the Shannon into the woods of Dal Cais. In spite of a truce made by his brother, Brian contested the possession of his native woods with "the black grim Gentiles," fighting from tree to tree, until he had but fifteen men left. But the tide soon turned. Calling the clan to war, Mahon and Brian inflicted on the Danes, at the willow-wood of Sulcoit near Tipperary, a "crimsoned" defeat so signal and decisive that the Dalcassians became masters of Limerick, with all its collected wealth of gold and silver, silk and precious stones, saddles of rare device, and beautiful captives.

Mahon and Brian.

Battle of Sulcoit. 968 A.D.

Continuing his career of victory, Mahon reduced to subjection the leading Eugenian chieftains of Munster—Molloy of Desmond, and Donovan of the Hy-Fidhgente—from whom he took hostages. Ivar the Dane, who had fled from Limerick, returning in

about a year, occupied a strong position on Inis-cathaig or Scattery, one of the islands of the Shannon. Resorting to treachery, when open war proved unavailing, Ivar, Molloy, and Donovan formed a plot for the murder of the victorious king. Enticed to Donovan's house, Mahon was carried off by the retainers of Molloy to a hill between Limerick and Cork, now called Sliebh Riach, and was there slain. The murderers, however, soon found that they had gained nothing by this crime. If Mahon had chastised them with whips, his brother Brian, on whom the sovereignty now devolved, was ready to chastise them with scorpions. In quick succession he defeated and slew Donovan and Molloy, thus becoming the undisputed monarch of Munster. But this position did not satisfy Brian's unresting ambition. Each success must be regarded as only a new step towards wider power and higher renown. Marching into Leinster, he received homage from the two kings who ruled over the plain of the Liffey, and thus became master of all that

Murder of Mahon.

Brian becomes King of Munster. 976 A.D.

southern half of Ireland known as La Woa (984 A.D.).*

These successes brought Brian face to face with his great rival Malachy II., who, having defeated the Danes in a three-days' battle at Tara (980 A.D.), had become *Ard-ree*, or supreme monarch of Ireland, as representing the royal race of the southern Hy-Niall. Sailing up the Shannon in boats from Lough Derg to Lough Ree, from the shores of the latter Brian carried war, right and left, into both Meath and Connaught, which so alarmed Malachy that he arranged a meeting at Lough Ree with the daring invader. They there concluded a "mutual peace," of which one condition recognised Malachy as sole monarch of La Whin, the northern half of Ireland (998 A.D.).

Malachy II. made Ard-ree.

When, two years later, the men of Leinster revolted against Brian's rule, and in alliance with the Danes mustered in battle array, the great King of Munster, aided by the Ard-ree, defeated them in the rugged pass of Glen-

* Conn the Hundred Fighter (164 A.D.) arranged with Moa, King of Leinster, to divide Ireland by a line from Dublin to Galway. The northern part was called *La Whin* (Conn's half); the southern, *La Woa* (Moa's half).

mama, near Dunlavin in County Wicklow, and, pressing on in pursuit, slew many thousands of the fugitives. The plough still turns up the bones of these long-dead Danes. After the battle, Murragha, King Brian's eldest son, found Maelmordha, King of Leinster, hiding in a yew-tree, and made him prisoner—a little incident which connects itself with a later story.

Battle of Glenmama.

1000 A.D.

The way to Dublin was now clear. When Brian took that fortress, he found there stores of "gold, silver, bronze, precious stones, carbuncles, gems, buffalo horns, beautiful goblets, and vestures of all colours." At Dublin he spent Christmas, occupying himself in completing the subjugation of Leinster, in securing hostages, and in clearing the rebel country by burning forests and destroying fortresses. Here, too, he became entangled in a marriage, of evil omen to himself.

Brian takes Dublin.

Gormflaith, the most beautiful but not the most moral woman of her day, sister to Maelmordha, King of Leinster, had been already twice married—first to Olaf the Dane, and then

to Malachy, who had divorced her. Sitric the Dane, who had been defeated at Glenmama, was a son of the first marriage. Brian, intoxicated with both love and ambition, married this lady of much experience, reinstated her son Sitric as King of Dublin, and her brother Maelmordha as King of Leinster, and then betook himself with his bride to his fortress of Kincora near Killaloe.

Queen Gormflaith.

There now remained to Brian but one higher step on "ambition's diamond ridge." That step he prepared to take. Collecting the whole available military force of La Woa, he advanced with these to Tara, and there summoned Malachy either to come forth to battle or to give hostages in token of submission. Malachy asked for a month's delay, that he might apply for aid to his kinsmen in Ulster. This being granted, the Ard-ree not only sent a celebrated bard to plead his cause with Aedh O'Neill, but paid that chieftain a personal visit, during which he offered to resign the crown in Aedh's favour, if the latter would join him in resisting Brian's aggressive ambition.

Brian's advance to Tara.

Aedh's clan, however, decided to refuse the aid that Malachy asked for, unless he would make over to them one-half of his territory. Indignantly rejecting this proposal, Malachy and his clan then made submission to Brian, who thus became Ard-ree, or supreme King of Ireland. The new monarch, pleased with this frank surrender of Malachy, who had asked for no safeguard, and had come attended by only twelve-score horsemen, refused to receive hostages, and granted him a truce for a year. Brian also presented Malachy with twelve-score horses for his men, but they refused to accept the gift, for each had a horse, and would not deign to lead a second. Thereupon, Malachy bestowed the 240 "hobbies" (as the Irish called horses) on Murragha, Brian's son, who did not disdain to receive them back. So Brian sat on the throne of Ireland; and Malachy descended—for a time—to a lower position as King of Meath.

Brian becomes Ard-ree. 1002 A D.

We cannot suppose that this masterful old hero then sat meekly down, content with having gained the highest place in the land. He first conquered Ulster, and slew both

Aedh and Eochaidh in the battle of Craebh Tulcha, fought at Crew near Glenavy in County Antrim. He then made a royal progress round Ireland, impressing upon every district the terror of his presence and his power.

Conquest of Ulster.

In glowing words the annalists describe the peace and prosperity which for some years blessed Ireland under the sway of this strong right hand. Roads were cut through the wild woods; new bridges spanned the rivers; churches and fortresses rose anew, where heaps of black ruin had marked the footprints of the Dane. Men of learning were sent to buy books in foreign lands. And so complete a system was organised for repressing and punishing crime, that "a lone woman journeyed unmolested from Tory Island to Glandore in Cork, carrying a ring of gold on a horse-rod." Thus, "powerful, fruitful, firm, and secure," Brian ruled as chief sovereign of Ireland for twelve bright years.

Twelve years of peace.

The loss of a button and a move at chess seem to be trivial things, unworthy of a place in history; yet they led to a war which

culminated in the battle of Clontarf and the death of Brian. It happened in this wise. Maelmordha, King of Leinster, having cut down three great pine-trees fit for masts, prepared to bring them to Kincora, as a tribute to the Ard-ree. Each mast represented tribute from a certain clan, some men of which were told off to carry it. While these were ascending a mountain, a question of precedence arose among the bearers, and Maelmordha, helping to lift one of the trunks, tore a silver button from the rich silken tunic which he wore. This robe, a gift from Brian, was regarded as a symbol of vassalage.

The torn-off silver button.

On reaching Kincora, he asked his sister Gormflaith to sew the button on; but in a fit of temper—for tempers often ran high in these early days—she flung the tunic into the fire, and reproached him bitterly for serving as vassal to any man. It is difficult to explain how Gormflaith happened to be living at Kincora then, for, some time earlier, Brian had repudiated her, had married again, and was again a widower. She had probably come back in the hope of regaining her lost

influence; but Brian's coldness made her "grim"—not the first instance, nor the last, of *spretae injuria formae!*

Her taunts stung her brother Maelmordha deeply; and his resentment kindled into rage owing to an incident of the next day. While Brian's eldest son, Murragha, was playing chess with his cousin, Maelmordha, looking on, advised the latter to make a certain move, which won the game. Nettled at losing, Murragha said, "Thou gavest advice, too, to the foreigners, when they were defeated"—referring to the battle of Glen-mama. To this Maelmordha replied, "I will give them advice again, when they shall not be defeated." "Ah!" sneered Murragha, "see that they have a yew-tree prepared for thyself."

A fatal game of chess.

The King of Leinster left Kincora next morning without Brian's knowledge; and when that monarch, on discovering the flight, sent Cogaran after him to make peace, he fractured the skull of the luckless messenger, who overtook him on the bridge of Killaloe. Then, calling his tribe to arms and summoning his allies,

Flight of Maelmordha.

he invaded the territory of Malachy in Meath. That aged warrior, after winning a battle, ravaged Leinster up to Ben Edar (Howth), and thus drew on his forces the combined wrath of the Dublin Danes under Sitric, and the Leinster men under Maelmordha, who harried his lands and drove his cattle. Malachy then applied to his superior Brian for the aid due to a vassal.

Brian, with his Munster men and a strong contingent from Connaught, desolated Ossory. His son Murragha marched plundering through Wicklow to Glendalough. Uniting their forces on the Green of Dublin, they blockaded that city for three months (September 9 to December 25, 1013); but want of provisions obliged them to abandon the siege.

Siege of Dublin.

Then both sides prepared in earnest for a terrible and final struggle. Brian had to reckon, not only with the wrath of his natural enemies, but also with the fury of a despised woman. Gormflaith sent her son to the Orkneys to secure the aid of Earl Sigurd, who declined to stir until he received a promise both of the crown of

Hostile levies against Brian.

Erin and the hand of the ex-queen. The same attractions and the same promise of them allured from the Isle of Man Brodar, a gigantic Viking, with black elf-locks so long that he wore them tucked into his girdle. From Northern England, too, came the fierce pagans, Brodir and Amlaff, with 2000 men in armour of iron and brass. These forces, when combined with the Danes of Dublin, the Kinshelas of Wexford, and the Leinster men under their king, formed a very powerful armament against the rule of Brian. There were in all six battalions—five marshalled for the fight, and one reserved to guard Ath-cliath, as Dublin was then called.

Against this mighty army, Brian, who left Kincora on Saint Patrick's Day, arrayed the splendid Dalcassian warriors—whose white surcoats and gilt helmets distinguished them afar off—the other levies from Munster, and the men of Connaught and of Meath.

Brian's forces.

Having burned Kilmainham and pitched his camp on the Green of Dublin, King Brian detached the new recruits of the Dal Cais, and sent them under his son Donnchad to

plunder Leinster, now left naked to attack, for the soldiers had all been drafted into the garrison of Dublin.

The challenge at Clontarf.

The reddened sky beyond Howth soon told a tale of ravage to the allied forces in Dublin, who marched out in battle array, with flags flying, to the green flats of Clontarf, that lie on the north side of the Bay, between the mouth of the river Tolka and the sands of the Bull. Already, some chroniclers say, the Danes of the sea (*i.e.*, Pirates) were preparing to sail away in their ships which lay at Howth, for their pay was spent, and they dreaded the valour of the Dal Cais. But now, scenting the battle afar off, they returned to take a share in the impending conflict.

Each army in battle array.

Each army was marshalled in three divisions. Brian placed the Dal Cais in front under his son Murragha; behind these were arrayed in separate battalions the men of Munster and the men of Connaught. The three lines of the enemy consisted of (1) the foreign Danes under Brodar, (2) the Danes of Dublin under Dougal, and (3), in reserve, the Leinster

men and the Kinshelas under King Maelmordha.

The battle of Clontarf.

Though the narrative of the battle of Clontarf abounds in wild exaggeration, one cannot help recognising much of Homeric simplicity and directness in the details. Like all battles of early times, it is chiefly a story of single combats, not of scientific military movements. On the evening before the engagement, two chieftains, who had challenged each other, fell dead between the armies, "the sword of each through the other's heart, and the hair of each in the clenched hand of the other." On the following day, the men of Connaught made the decisive charge, chasing the Danes of Dublin back to Dougal's Bridge, the only bridge then existing across the Liffey, where they were intercepted and slain in heaps by Malachy. It is stated that only twenty of the Danes survived that terrible onset and pursuit. Murragha, with a sword in each hand, cleft his way through the host of his foes, like a reaper among corn, striking men down right and left with a single blow. With his right hand he

Good Friday, April 23rd, 1014 A.D.

cut the straps of Sigurd's helmet, and as it fell back he came down with the left, gashing the neck with a mortal wound. In a combat with the son of Eric, his sword—the legend says—grew red-hot, and its silver hilt melted, so that he had to fling it away. But he soon found another weapon. Dragging his foe to the ground, he seized the fallen sword and pierced him through; but at the same moment he received from the dying warrior's hand a back-handed knife wound, which ripped him open.

When the sun rose at Clontarf on that eventful morning, it shone on miles of glitter-

The ebb and flow of the tide.

ing water, for the full tide had swept over the flat shore at half-past five. During the conflict of the forenoon, the receding water carried the ships of the foreign Danes out of reach; and when the evening tide, driven before a strong east wind, rolled in at six o'clock over the level strand, it cut off the retreat of the Dublin Danes, who, unable to cross from Clontarf to the northern bank of the Liffey, were driven by hundreds into the sea.

The boy Turlough, son of Murragha, who,

though aged only fifteen, had fought valor-
Death of Turlough. ously all day, rushed into the sea after the panic-stricken Danes; but a wave of the incoming tide dashed him against the salmon-weir of Clontarf, which probably then spanned the river Tolka at Ballybough Bridge; and there this gallant boy died, clutching in death more than one of his country's foes.

When Brian's daughter, who had married Sitric, saw from the wall of Dublin the Danes running into the water, she said to her husband, "The foreigners have found their patrimony." "What meanest thou?" asked he, angrily. "I mean the sea," she said; "it is their natural inheritance." For reply he struck her on the mouth and knocked out one of her teeth.

During the whole day of battle, King Brian, engaged in prayer, had knelt on a
Brian at prayer. cushion at some distance from the contending armies. Some writers describe him as being protected by a *shield-burg*, or circle of men with interlocking shields. He was now an old man, probably seventy-three, though some chroniclers have

placed his age at the very advanced period of eighty-nine. Beside him watched an attendant named Latean, who, looking out at intervals on the progress of the battle, reported to the aged king what he saw. At first he told how Prince Murragha's standard still floated proudly above the host, "many heads falling where it went." His second announcement, that the Prince's standard was moving steadily westward toward Dublin, excited the old king with joy. But at the third report Brian's heart sank, for his son's standard had fallen. In vain Latean urged his royal master to take refuge in the camp. Brian felt that his hour was come; for had not the Banshee of the Dal Cais chiefs come to him on the previous night, to wail forth her solemn warning of death. Calmly he told Latean how his funeral rites were to be celebrated—that he wished to be buried at Armagh—and that he bequeathed 240 cows to the Abbot of that cathedral-church.

Brian slain.

As they talked, three foreigners drew nigh —"blue naked people," so Latean described them. They were Danes in bluish armour. One of them, seeing

Brian, shouted, "The King!" But said Brodar the Dane, "He is praying; he is a priest." "Not so," insisted the first speaker, "that is the great King Brian." With his sword Brian then cut Brodar's leg; but the pirate's axe descended on the head of the King, splitting it in two. Another version of the story states that, the desertion of several soldiers having weakened the *shield-burg* around Brian, Brodar broke through the ring, and "hewed at the King."

So ended a great life. Brian fell not alone; his son Murragha and his grandson Turlough were among the slain; while the three great leaders of the enemy—Brodar the Viking; Sigurd, Earl of Orkney; and Maelmordha, King of Leinster—had also bitten the dust in death.

After the battle.

The battalions of King Brian, broken but victorious, marched to the Green of Dublin, where they encamped to await the arrival of their new monarch, Donnchad, Brian's son, who had been despatched before the battle to plunder the inland territory of Leinster. He returned at vespers on Easter Sunday, bringing twenty-eight

oxen, which the troops immediately killed. On Easter Monday the burial of the dead and the conveyance of the wounded on hurdles to the camp completed the drama of Clontarf.

Demand of Cian.

While the men of Munster were marching homeward, Cian, a Eugenian, son of that Molloy who had plotted the murder of Mahon, demanded hostages from Donnchad, asserting that it was now the turn of Desmond to choose a king. Broken and bleeding as they were, the Dal Cais showed a bold front at Rath-maisten, six miles east of Athy. Declining to go into hospital, the injured men stuffed moss into their wounds, and gripped their swords hard—a determined stand, which, coupled with a quarrel between Cian and another Eugenian chief, averted the impending collision.

The chief of Ossory.

Slowly and painfully the Dal Cais reached Athy, where they laid the wounded on the bank of the Barrow and washed their hurts in the stream. Then another danger confronted them, for the chief of Ossory, son of an ancient foe of Brian, blocked the way, also demanding

hostages. Again the Dalcassian spirit, which no bleeding could weaken, no pain could tame, saved the clan from an unequal contest. Sending to the woods for thick stakes, the wounded warriors drove these into the ground, and, resting their backs against them, faced the foe. The men of Ossory, quailing before such determination, refused to fight. It is said that when the excitement of this critical moment faded, one hundred and fifty of the Dal Cais fainted, and died of their valorous exertions.

Malachy II. now returned to the throne of Ireland, from which Brian's ambition had expelled him. Donnchad, son of Brian, after killing his brother Teige, occupied the throne of Munster, which he held with difficulty, until his nephew, Turlough, son of the murdered Teige, forced him to resign. Turlough, a worthy successor of his grandfather Brian, was contemporary with William the Conqueror, and reigned until 1086. During his second reign, which lasted for eight years (1014–1022), Malachy did much to complete the work begun at Clontarf. In 1015 he burned Danish Dublin; and,

Second reign of Malachy.

later, he devastated Wexford in reprisal for the action of the Kinshela clan.

A common and absurd mistake supposes that the victory of Clontarf drove the Danes completely out of Ireland. They continued still to hold the chief seaports, and they undoubtedly benefited the native race much by mingling with it the new blood of a fearless and enterprising nation. But Clontarf certainly dissipated the dream of a Scandinavian Kingdom in Ireland, which had begun to shape itself in the vivid Norse brain.

Funeral of Brian.

In obedience to the orders given by Brian himself to Latean, the funeral-train of the great warrior, beside whom his son and his grandson slept in glorious death, moved sorrowfully to Swords—to Duleek—to Louth, where the Abbot of Armagh, *co-arb* of St. Patrick, attended by his chief clergy, met the sad procession, and escorted the dead king to his tomb near the altar of Armagh. There he was interred with reverent and splendid ceremony.

"His bones are dust—his good sword, rust:
His soul is with the saints, we trust."

CHAPTER IV.

STRONGBOW AND THE ANGLO-NORMAN INVADERS.

From 1152 A.D. *to* 1210 A.D.

Diarmid and Dervorgilla—Bull of Pope Adrian IV.—Diarmid at the Court of Henry II.—Aid of Strongbow secured—Fitz-gerald and Fitz-stephen—Nesta's Offspring—Landing of Fitz-stephen—Wexford taken—Ossory conquered—Rurie O'Connor—Arrival of Fitz-gerald—Raymond le Gros—Arrival of Strongbow—Waterford taken—Attack on Dublin—Death of Diarmid—Sortie from Dublin—Strongbow goes to England—Attempt of Hasculf on Dublin—Arrival of Henry II.—Troubles of Fitz-stephen—King Henry in Dublin—Synod of Cashel—King Henry leaves Ireland—Escape of De Lacy—Return of Strongbow to Ireland—Raymond in the field—Storming of Limerick—Raymond under a cloud—Basilia's Letter—Fitzaldhelm made Viceroy—John de Courcy and his Sword—Death of Leading Men—Murder of De Lacy—Last Days of Rurie—Visit of Prince John—De Courcy assumes princely state—Battle of Down—Prowess of De Courcy—Civilisation by the sword.

IN 1152 Turlough O'Connor, Ard-ree or supreme monarch of Ireland, supported by

Diarmid and Dervorgilla.

Diarmid Mac Murragha, King of Leinster, expelled a one-eyed chieftain named O'Ruairc from Breffni, a district which comprised much of what we now call Longford and the southern part of Leitrim. King Diarmid, representative of the powerful clan of the Kinshelas, dwelt chiefly by the Slaney in Wexford, among the alder-trees of Ferns. The accepted story of our Irish histories—that he drew down on his head the wrath of all Ireland by carrying off the not unwilling Dervorgilla, wife of O'Ruairc—loses much of its romantic colouring when we find that this Irish Helen was forty-four, and the hero of the elopement—her Paris—had witnessed sixty-two winters. An appeal from the injured husband led the Ard-ree to insist on the restoration of Dervorgilla. This princess, who died at eighty-four, posed in her advanced age as a penitent and benefactress of the church, for she endowed the abbey of Mellifont, near Drogheda, with sixty ounces of gold and a golden chalice, and presented the nuns of Clonmacnois with a chapel of carven stone. The abduction of Dervorgilla, though usually called the

proximate cause of the Anglo-Norman invasion of Ireland, happened about seventeen years before the landing of Fitz-stephen.

The prospect of invading Ireland had become familiar to the mind of Henry II. long before Diarmid arrived at the court of that monarch. For, so early as 1155, Pope Adrian IV., or Nicholas Breakspear—the only Englishman that has ever worn the tiara—had sent him a Bull, which authorised him to conquer Ireland, in order that the knowledge of the Christian faith should be more firmly rooted in that island.

Bull of Pope Adrian IV.

Accordingly, when Diarmid, driven from his stronghold at Ferns by O'Ruairc and Rurie O'Connor, who in 1166 had succeeded Turlough as Ard-ree, crossed the sea at the age of seventy-seven to ask for English aid, King Henry II. gladly accepted the offered homage of the Leinster prince; and sent him back from Aquitaine to England, furnished with letters patent, permitting all liegemen of the English crown, who chose, to join in the enterprise of recovering his territory. Making Bristol his head-

Diarmid at the Court of Henry II.

quarters, for that city then ranked as the chief western seaport in connection with Ireland, the exiled King of Leinster, with whom gold seemed plentiful, soon got a promise of aid from Richard Fitz-gilbert, Earl of Strigul or Chepstow, a "landless resolute," who, like his father before him, bore the suggestive name of Strongbow. A soft voice and almost womanly gentleness of manner, which characterised this celebrated warrior, seemed to indicate anything rather than the iron hand that lay within the velvet glove. It was agreed that Strongbow, landing in Ireland next spring with a Norman force sufficient to aid Diarmid in recovering his lost kingdom, should receive in marriage Eva (Aoife), Diarmid's eldest daughter, and should thus in effect become heir to the crown of Leinster.

Aid of Strongbow secured.

Diarmid then went to St. David's, whence on clear days he could faintly see the blue hills of Ireland. There, while visiting David Fitz-gerald, Bishop of St. David's, he met Maurice Fitz-gerald and Robert Fitz-stephen, brother and step-brother of the prelate; and these knights

Fitz-gerald and Fitz-stephen.

promised to join the expedition next spring, the reward agreed upon being the town of Wexford and two adjoining cantreds of land to be held in fee.

Having sailed with a fair wind to Glascarrig, twelve miles south of Arklow, King Diarmid passed quietly to Ferns, where he dwelt in privacy with the clergy, waiting till the spring winds blew.

In truth, the earliest Anglo-Norman invaders of Ireland formed among themselves a snug family party, descended from the beautiful Nesta, daughter of Rhys-ap-Tudor, prince of South Wales. To her first husband, Gerald de Windsor, castellan of Pembroke, she bore Maurice Fitz-gerald, ancestor of the Irish Geraldines; and to her second, Stephen of Abertivy, she bore Robert Fitz-stephen, the first of the Norman invaders who trod the Irish soil. Among her grandsons we find Meiler Fitz-henry; Raymond le Gros, who married Basilia, sister of Strongbow; William Fitz-gerald, who married Alina, daughter of that Earl; Milo de Cogan, and Sylvester Giraldus Cambrensis, the historian of the war.

Nesta's offspring.

Robert Fitz-stephen was the first to fulfil his promise. With a force of thirty knights, sixty men in half armour, and three hundred archers, in three ships, he landed at "the Banne," on the southern coast of Wexford. It is uncertain whether a rocky point called Baginbun, or the village of Bannow, represents the exact site of this momentous debarkation. With Fitz-stephen came the uncle of Strongbow, Hervey Mont-Maurice, employed by the Earl as "explorator" to survey the promised land and report on the prospects of success. Next day two more ships arrived with ten knights and many archers, under the command of Maurice de Prendergast. And when King Diarmid and his son, rejoiced at the coming of their allies, joined the little host with five hundred kerns, the united forces amounted to about a thousand men—a motley mass of contrasted figures—mail-clad knights, leather-jerkined archers, and kerns with cloak and knife.

Landing of Fitz-stephen. May, 1169 A.D.

The taking of Wexford formed the first operation of the war. It lay twelve miles off. The townsfolk, two thousand strong, sallied

out to face the advancing foe; but the shining of the Norman armour and the solidity of the Norman array so dismayed them that, after burning the huts outside the walls, they retreated into the town. The Anglo-Normans then assailed the walls, but stones and beams, hurled from above, repulsed them, and drove them to the strand, where they burned the ships. Notwithstanding this brave defence, the Wexford men submitted next day to Diarmid, who at once conferred the town upon Fitz-stephen and Fitz-gerald.

Wexford taken.

The conquest of Ossory, a district representing part of the basins of Nore and Barrow, speedily followed, in spite of the woods and bogs which defended that wild region. When the Irish ventured to leave the broken country for the open plain, they were crushed and scattered by the whirlwind charge of the mailed horsemen, and such as lay stunned were beheaded by the axemen of Leinster. Having received hostages from the Prince of Ossory, Diarmid and his ally Fitz-stephen retired to a position near Ferns, where, barricaded with fallen

Ossory conquered.

trees and defended with trenches, they awaited the progress of events.

When Rurie O'Connor, Ard-ree of Ireland, heard these tidings, he must have felt like one who watches a thin trickle of water filtering through the bank that dams a lake. The flow of invasion must be stopped at all risks before it grows too great for control. Assembling a host of wild Irish, and supported by the Danes of Dublin, he forced Diarmid into making a treaty, which enjoined (1) the surrender of Diarmid's son as a hostage, (2) the abandonment of all alliance with the Anglo-Norman invaders, and (3) the payment to O'Ruairc of 100 ounces of gold as *eneclan* or damages for the abduction of Dervorgilla—that old piece of folly still following its perpetrator with sure foot.

Rurie O'Connor.

Diarmid soon flung these arrangements to the winds, when two more ships arrived at Wexford with ten knights, thirty other horsemen, and about one hundred archers, under the command of Maurice Fitzgerald. Indeed, visions of supreme sway in Ireland had already begun to float through Leinster's mind. Rejecting all conditions of

Arrival of Fitzgerald.

the alliance lately made, he wrote to Strongbow, complaining that the Leinster clans had watched the storks and swallows come and go for a whole year, but no wind had blown the longed-for sails to the Irish shore.

As a harbinger of his own arrival, Strongbow, next May, sent over a fat, yellow-haired, yet withal resolute youth, named Raymond le Gros. Raymond le Gros, a nephew of both Fitz-stephen and Fitz-gerald. On the rocky headland of Dundonolf or Dundrone, where he landed, eight miles from Waterford, he formed a camp, fortified with sods and branches. Attacked there by the men of Waterford, Raymond repulsed them with the loss of five hundred slain and seventy prisoners. These he wished to spare, but, at the instigation of Mont-Maurice, they were flung into the sea with broken limbs.

Raymond le Gros.

Armed with the permission of King Henry II., given, however, be it noted, rather in jesting words than seriously, Richard Fitz-gilbert, Earl of Strigul, the central figure of the expedition, embarked at Milford with two hundred men in armour and one thousand lighter troops. He was a tall, ruddy, freckled

man, with grey eyes, feminine features, and a weak voice. Landing at the estuary of the Suir, he united his forces with those of Raymond le Gros, and together they began the siege of Waterford—a city inhabited, like Wexford, not by the Celtic Irish, but chiefly by men of Danish blood engaged in trade.

Arrival of Strongbow. Aug. 23, 1170 A.D.

The men of Waterford offered a stubborn resistance to the invaders; but Raymond, who saw a small wooden house, built on props, clinging with its timbers to the stones of the wall, caused the posts to be hewn from below it. The fall of this house tore a gap in the wall, through which the besiegers rushed. In Reginald's Tower—a round rude structure of the Ostmen, which still survives—they captured the ruler or chief of the city—Reginald by name—whom they spared, although they killed his companions, the two Sitrics. In joyous celebration of this victory, the marriage of Strongbow to the Princess Eva was at once solemnised in presence of King Diarmid and his Norman allies—Fitz-stephen, Fitz-gerald, and Raymond.

Waterford taken.

Leaving Fitz-stephen behind, encamped in a stockade on the Carrig, a rock overhanging the harbour of Wexford, and situated two miles from that town, the invading army marched on Dublin, avoiding the woods and passes that bristled with armed foes, and proceeding by mountain paths through Glendalough. A flame of vengeance burned in Diarmid's heart, for Dublin men had slain his father, and had buried the body beside a dog. While the Archbishop of Dublin, Lorcan O'Toole, tried to parley with the assailants of the city, Dublin was carried with a rush. Milo de Cogan and Meiler Fitz-henry, growing impatient at the delay, climbed the wall, seized the castle, and began to plunder and to kill. Hasculf, then Norse ruler of Dublin, unable to cope with these fighting Normans, took to his ships, and, with some leading men of the city, sailed away to the northern islands. Strongbow, appointing Milo Constable of Dublin, then ravaged Meath, which so enraged Rurie O'Connor that he put to death the son of Diarmid, whom he held as a hostage.

Attack on Dublin.

King Diarmid died at Ferns in 1171.

Some described him as a "dark demon," hoarse with constant shouting in battle, whom God's judgment smote with a horrible death; but the Kinshela bards prayed for the soul's repose of a noble king, laid with rites of reverent sepulture in the royal tomb at Ferns. Upon Diarmid's death, Strongbow, as Eva's husband, at once claimed the crown of Leinster. But his action gave offence to King Henry, who published a proclamation, ordaining that no English ship should convey any more forces or supplies to Ireland, and that all English subjects then in Ireland should return before the coming Easter, upon pain of forfeiture and banishment. Sorely dismayed by this blow, Strongbow sent Raymond to Aquitaine with a letter to the King, humbly placing at the royal disposal all lands that he had acquired in Ireland either by conquest or by marriage. King Henry, whose mind just then was troubled about Becket's murder, received the offer coldly and gave no immediate reply.

Death of Diarmid.

The Irish then made a desperate effort to expel the invaders from Dublin. Rurie with

the clans of Connaught, and Godred with the warriors of Man, mustered a force of 30,000 fighting men against the city. After two months of blockade Strongbow found his supply of food nearly exhausted, for no provisions had been sent from England. In this black hour news reached him that Fitzstephen, in his turfen fort on the Carrig, sore beset by the men of Wexford and Kinsale, prayed for instant help. So keenly did Strongbow feel the difficulty of maintaining the defence of Dublin with scarcely a fortnight's food, that he sent Archbishop O'Toole and Prendergast to King Rurie, offering to surrender on condition of being allowed to retain the crown of Leinster. A stern rejoinder informed him that no inch of Irish soil should be his, beyond the cities of Dublin, Waterford, and Wexford. The crisis seemed desperate. Maurice Fitz-gerald proposed to make a sudden sally from the gate upon the huge force of Rurie. Accordingly, early next day, in three divisions the little Norman force attacked the Irish camp at Finglas, taking the sentinels completely by surprise. King Rurie was bathing, when the French war-

A *sortie* from Dublin.

1171 A.D.

cry, "*Ferez, baruns, al nun de la croix,*" arose on the air. The Irish scattered in dismay, leaving to the victorious Normans great stores of flour and bacon. Meanwhile, Fitz-stephen, deceived by a false account of the fall of Dublin, and a false promise that he should be sent to Wales, had surrendered, and was now a prisoner in the hands of the Irish.

Strongbow goes to England.

Strongbow, marching rapidly southward to release his ally Fitz-stephen from deadly peril, found that he had come too late for accomplishing that purpose. In obedience to letters from King Henry II. which met him at Waterford, the Earl then sailed across to Newnham in Gloucestershire, where with difficulty, after much altercation, he contrived to avert the royal wrath on terms of renewing his oath of fealty, and surrendering Dublin and the other maritime towns to the King.

Attempt of Hasculf on Dublin.

At Whitsunday of the same year (1171), Hasculf the Dane, fated to be the last of the Norse rulers of Dublin, returned to the Liffey with sixty ships full of red-shielded warriors, "iron-hearted as well as iron-armed men." Landing at the

"Steine," a southern bank of the river near Ringsend, he assailed St. Mary's Gate, when Milo de Cogan, whom Strongbow had left behind as Governor of Dublin, confronted him in a fierce *sortie*. At first the Normans suffered severely. A strong Viking from Orkney, surnamed John le devè (the fierce) lopped off with one blow of his axe the leg of a Norman soldier clad in iron armour. But Richard de Cogan turned the scale of battle by attacking a reserve force of Danes, and thus diverting the attention of the Danish leaders from their original object of attack. To complete the defeat of the Danes, a Leinster chief, who had been allowed to stand apart with his men and watch the conflict, ordered them to rain spears and darts upon the sea-warriors, till the ground was strewn with Danish slain. Grey old Hasculf, made prisoner as he was running towards the river, bated no jot of courage when he stood in bonds before De Cogan :—

"I have come now," said he, "with a small force; but next time, if life be given me, a great army shall besiege this town."

It was a bold speech, and it cost him his life. He was beheaded at once.

A little later, Ireland witnessed the landing of her first Norman King—a fierce, fat, bullet-headed man, with eyes of bloodshot grey, and dark red hair—speaking only the French tongue, and clad usually in the short cloak of Anjou. After terrifying the chieftains of Southern Wales with threats and maledictions, because they had allowed Strongbow to sail from their shores to Ireland, King Henry II. raised a force, filled his purse by collecting from his military tenants the scutage or shield-tax of feudal days, and sailed from Milford Haven to Waterford with a fleet of four hundred ships, laden with soldiers, horses, arms, and provisions. He landed at the Croch on St. Luke's Day. Gillemory, an Irish chief, had stretched across the harbour three heavy iron chains, in order to impede the landing; but this feeble effort of resistance resulted only in Gillemory and his men being hanged.

Arrival of Henry II.

Oct. 18, 1171.

As the first-fruits of their homage to King Henry, the men of Wexford surrendered Fitz-stephen; but, while they gave him up

to the conqueror, they loudly blamed him for invading Ireland without the royal license. Pretending to echo their cry, the King sent illustrious but luckless Robert to the seclusion of Reginald's Tower, where, chained to another captive, he lay in durance vile, until the weather of the royal temper changed, softened by the voluntary submission of Cork, Limerick, and Ossory.

Troubles of Fitzstephen.

As King Henry II. passed on to Dublin, chief after chief submitted to the new Norman sway. Even Rurie O'Connor, King of Connaught and last Ard-ree of Ireland, having met the royal envoys by the Shannon, took oaths of allegiance and fealty. Of all Ireland Ulster alone remained unconquered—untameable.

Arriving in Dublin at Martinmas—11th November, 1171—King Henry held his court in a hall of wickerwork composed of peeled osiers, and situated outside the city walls on the southern side of what we now call Dame Street. There, in the wild weather of one of the stormiest winters that ever blew, he feasted

King Henry in Dublin. Nov. 11, 1171.

the native Irish chieftains on delicate Norman dishes such as Ireland had never seen before. Crane's flesh—roast peacock—savoury wild-goose eggs *tortured* (as St. Bernard phrased it) into a dozen shapes—passed in bewildering procession before the eyes of the conquered race. In truth, King Henry, though he ate few of these dainties, because he feared he might grow fatter, deserves the credit of having first introduced into Ireland the art of cooking—an art, as one pathetically observes, afterwards checked in its young growth by "the brutalising influence of the boiled potato."

The winter storms kept Henry for months from all news of England or France, which gave him time to lay the groundwork of an organised form of government in Ireland. The clergy, summoned to hold a Synod at Cashel, passed certain decrees concerning marriage, payment of tithes, and the due observance of church ordinances. King Henry, after the fashion of the feudal system, granted charters, which bestowed the whole soil of Ireland on ten of his leading Knights. Looking on Strongbow with no loving eye,

Synod of Cashel.

he heaped favours on Raymond, De Cogan, and De Lacy.

When the storms ceased, King Henry heard two pieces of news, which hastened his departure from Ireland. There awaited him in Normandy two Papal legates, loudly threatening an interdict on England, if he failed to appear before them and clear himself of Becket's murder. And three of his sons, encouraged by their mother and aided by the French King, had formed a plot against his throne. Investing Hugh de Lacy, therefore, with the insignia of cap and sword, as Governor of Dublin and so as first Viceroy of Ireland, the royal Plantagenet embarked with the rising sun at Waterford, and by noon stepped ashore at Port Finnan in South Wales.

King Henry leaves Ireland.

April 17, 1172.

De Lacy, a man dark and ugly as Quilp, had a narrow escape from death at the hill of Ward near Athboy, whither he had gone to confer with one-eyed O'Ruairc, the now aged husband of frail Dervorgilla. Rushing forward with uplifted axe, this chieftain made a fierce stroke, which

Escape of De Lacy.

missed De Lacy but lopped off the arm of a faithful interpreter, who had interposed to save his lord. Up from the nearest ravine came the Irish at a run; but a shout from Maurice Fitz-gerald summoned seven Norman knights, who were tilting in the background. Foiled in his murderous attempt, O'Ruairc tried to mount a horse in the hope of escaping; but Griffyth, nephew of Fitzstephen, riding at him full speed, drove a spear through both chieftain and horse. After blackening on the castle gate at Dublin, the head of this wild Irishman was sent—a ghastly gift—to the King of England.

Return of Strongbow to Ireland.

By fighting bravely in Normandy against King Henry's rebel sons, Strongbow regained the royal favour. Becoming warden of Gisors, he soon thereafter at Rouen received a commission from the King appointing him Governor of Ireland, with Raymond as his Deputy. In truth, Raymond Fitz-gerald surnamed "le Gros," now began to shine out as a leading figure in the Irish history of his day. Much beloved by the Norman soldiery, he attained such influence over the army, that Strongbow,

though averse to the marriage, could not refuse him the hand of a sister named Basilia, widow of De Quenci, to whose offices—as Standard-bearer and Constable of Leinster—Raymond also succeeded.

Raymond in the field.

News, that made Raymond buckle on his armour without delay, rudely interrupted the festivities of this marriage, which took place at Wexford. Rurie O'Connor had descended on Meath. Swiftly as Raymond moved towards Trim and Dunluce in Meath, he could not save those castles from destruction; nor could he chastise with defeat the kerns of Rurie, for at the first note of his approach they had scattered into the woods and bogs of Connaught.

Storming of Limerick.

One of Raymond's most brilliant achievements was the double occupation of Limerick. Hearing that Duvenald, prince of that city, had disowned his fealty to the English King, Raymond led a force to the banks of the Shannon, which ran swift and deep between his army and the town. Young David Welsh was the first to swim his horse across the stream. Geoffrey Judas followed, but was drowned in trying to re-

turn with David. But the hero of the perilous enterprise was Meiler Fitz-henry, who struggled through the tossing rapids to stand alone on the shore amid a rain of darts and stones that tried the temper of his helmet and his shield. Inspired by these examples of daring courage, Raymond led his entire force into the water, and, with the loss of only three men, gained the bank, drove the Danes within the walls, and carried by storm a city piled with the rich gains of commerce. Giraldus makes much of the fact that this success—like all the other chief successes of the Anglo-Normans in Ireland—was gained on a Tuesday —the day of Mars.

Raymond under a cloud.

Leaving a garrison in Limerick, the victorious Raymond returned to Leinster, where he found that Hervey Mont-maurice had poisoned the King's mind against him by asserting that he intended to make himself King of Ireland. Though four royal commissioners came to recall Raymond to England, his departure was prevented by tidings from Limerick. A prince of Thomond had blockaded that town, and the garrison were in sore straits. Strongbow

would willingly have marched to their aid; but the soldiers loudly proclaimed that they would not move a step without Raymond for their leader. So Raymond led the force.

Changing his tactics, the prince of Thomond abandoned the siege of Limerick, and fortified himself in a strong position at the pass of Cashel, where, blocking the narrow way with fallen trees and a strong stockade, he awaited the advance of the Anglo-Norman force. On Easter-eve Meiler led the van of Raymond's force against this position, and, axe in hand, carried it with a rush, thus at once opening a way to the relief of Limerick.

While Raymond was in the full tide of glory and success in the South, he received from his wife Basilia a letter, in which these words occurred—"Be it known unto your sincere love that the great jaw-tooth, which used to give me such uneasiness, has fallen out. If you have any care or regard for me or of yourself, return with all speed."

Basilia's letter.

When Raymond heard these apparently trivial words drop from the lips of the con-

fidential clerk who read his letters to him, he at once surmised that Strongbow was dead, and that Basilia, in dread of a rising among the native Irish, had taken this figurative mode of conveying the news. It proved to be so. The Great Earl had died at Dublin from the effects of an ulcer in the foot. Archbishop O'Toole read the funeral service over his tomb in Christ Church, where his effigy in stone may still be seen.

June, 1176.

Raymond Fitz-gerald held the office of Viceroy for a short time only. King Henry, on hearing of Strongbow's death, at once sent over his seneschal, William Fitz-aldhelm de Burgh, to assume the sword of state; and when, on the borders of Wexford, this new-comer met Raymond with a retinue of thirty Geraldines, clad in bright armour, riding fine horses, and with shields on which the family device—an ape—shone in bright colours, there instinctively arose between them a jealous hatred that never died. Giraldus describes in vivid words this man, from whom descended the house of Clanricarde:—

Fitz-aldhelm made Viceroy.

"Large and corpulent; a pleasant, courtly

man; but there was poison in the honey, and a snake in the grass. His words were smoother than oil; and yet they were very swords." Stout, rosy, valiant Raymond, for all his watchful prudence and military skill, could not cope with this sly and smiling man: outwitted and ignored, he soon retired to his place at Wexford, where he died in 1182.

John de Courcy and his sword.

With Fitz-aldhelm there appeared on the scene of Irish history a new actor—John de Courcy—a fair, big-boned giant, who lost no time in carving out for himself a slice of conquered Ireland. While Fitz-aldhelm, the Viceroy, was hanging timidly about Dublin and the seaports, De Courcy gathered round his banner a band of malcontent soldiers, who neither had received their pay nor had been led to the plunder of the Irish foe. With these, amounting to twenty-two knights and three hundred archers, he marched northward into Ulster—the first of the Norman race to ride in shining armour into a land once rich in memories of splendid military renown. It had been spoken by Merlin of old, that "a white Knight on a white horse, and with birds on

his shield," should be the first warlike invader of Ulster. Strong in the belief, which his men shared, that this prophetic picture meant himself, De Courcy attacked Downpatrick, the stronghold of MacDunlevy, Prince of Ulidia, a district which included the modern counties of Down and Antrim. In vain Vivian, a Legate of Rome, strove to avert the blow by mediation. De Courcy won three signal victories over the 10,000 warriors of his Irish opponent. Giraldus speaks with admiration of his prowess in battle, where he cut off heads and lopped limbs at a stroke. He deserves at least one recognition from history. Danish wars and intestine ravage had all but choked the life out of Ulster. Into a night of barbarism, which had been growing denser since the days that followed the bright era of St. Patrick and St. Columba, De Courcy broke with conquering sword. Civilisation sometimes enters a land, as she did then, clad in mail, and with blood upon her hand.

In 1177 Henry II. formally invested his son John with the Lordship of Ireland, in honour of which event minters at Dublin and at Waterford struck coins bearing the image

of the Prince, with the superscription *Johannes Dom.* (*i.e.*, Dominus).

Death of leading actors.

The great actors in this national drama now began to drop rapidly from the stage. Maurice Fitz-gerald, lord of Offaly, which included Maynooth and Naas, died at Wexford in 1177. Archbishop Lorcan O'Toole, that tall and graceful champion of the Irish race, laid his bones in the church of Eu, eight miles from Abbeville, whither he had gone in 1180 as escort to Rurie's son, yielded to King Henry as a hostage. A fatal year was 1182. Fitz-stephen, joint ruler of Desmond with De Cogan, died insane, after having been rescued at Cork by his nephew Raymond. Raymond himself, as we have seen, died at Wexford in the same year. And, to swell the tale of gloom, Milo de Cogan, marching from Cork to Lismore, was slain by the wild Irish.

Murder of De Lacy. 1186 A.D.

Hugh de Lacy, ruler of Meath, Breffni, and Oriel, who thrice held the sword as Lord Justice, although he had incurred the anger of King Henry by marrying a daughter of Rurie O'Connor, was killed in 1186. While inspecting the

building of a castle at Durrow in Meath—for De Lacy actively carried out the Norman mode of securing a conquest, by studding Leinster and Meath with thick-walled keeps—dark Hugh, smitten with the axe of an Irish assassin, fell headless into the moat.

Last days of Rurie.

And where was luckless Rurie, for whom Fate, in the shape of mailed Normans, had proved too strong? Though the charter of Windsor (1175) had confirmed to him the kingdom of Connaught, on condition of his paying every tenth hide as tribute; yet, four years later, that province was granted by Henry to Fitzaldhelm de Burgh. Deserted even by his sons, and weary of fruitless striving, he retired to Cong, a mysterious and picturesque region of caves and subterranean waters; and, after enduring eighteen years of seclusion there, he was laid in the grave at Clonmacnois (1198).

John Comyn, the English priest who succeeded Lorcan O'Toole as Archbishop of Dublin, reached Ireland in September, 1184, to prepare for the arrival of *Johannes Dominus*, now aged nineteen. Setting sail from

Visit of Prince John. Easter, 1185.

Milford, the Prince entered Waterford in brilliant state with three hundred knights and quite a little army of clerics and lawyers. Conspicuous among these we find the name of Gerald de Barri (*Giraldus Cambrensis*), who, by the King's appointment, came as Tutor or Companion to the Prince, and who, in *Hibernia Expugnata*, has given us a graphic narrative of the events described in this chapter. On the very shore of Waterford, when the Irish chiefs came to pay homage to their new-made lord, the shaven Normans in the Prince's suite jeered at their ragged beards, and some of the wilder youths plucked these beards in mockery. It was but the beginning of eight months of misrule and misery, after which Prince John recrossed the sea, leaving De Courcy to rule the colony.

De Courcy assumes princely state.

De Courcy, who married Affreca, daughter of Godred, King of Man and the Isles, had established a centre of his power at Downpatrick. He acted as Viceroy for four years (1185–1189). For the purpose of connecting his dominion in Ulster with the Church in England, he built

several monasteries—notably one on the Inch near Downpatrick, which he affiliated to the Cistercian Abbey of Furness in Lancashire. At Downpatrick this lord of Ulidia assumed a state all but royal, and had his Constable, his Seneschal, and his Chamberlain. He even coined silver pieces that bore his name.

Upon King John's accession to the throne of England in 1199, De Courcy spoke openly of the new monarch as a usurper—an act of folly which the jealous De Lacys promptly used to his disadvantage; and Hugh de Lacy, being then Viceroy, and therefore bound to uphold the cause of loyalty, met him in battle at Down, only to suffer a signal defeat. In this battle the untamed O'Neills of Ulster, with warriors from Man and the Scottish Isles, served as allies under the banner of De Courcy. For achieving this disaster, King John, still bitterly jealous of De Courcy, conferred on defeated Hugh a brand-new dignity, Earl of Ulster, which is considered to be the earliest recorded creation of an Anglo-Norman peerage in Ireland (1205).

Battle of Down. 1204 A.D.

It belongs rather to legend than to history to recount how the vassals of De Lacy surprised De Courcy in the church of Down on a Good Friday while he knelt at prayers, and how De Courcy, snatching the staff of a cross from a grave in the churchyard, killed thirteen of his assailants before he was struck down and mastered. After lying in the town for a time, he got his release by consenting to do battle with a French champion on behalf of the English King. De Courcy's gigantic size frightened the French warrior so much that he declined the duel; upon which the King invited De Courcy to give a proof of his strength. A steel helmet and coat of mail being hung upon a pole, at one blow he cut clean through the metal, and cleft the wood so deeply that the sword stuck fast. We learn from an old record that this great soldier visited Ireland once more in 1210. Nine years later he died.

Prowess of De Courcy.

Thus, about a century later than the Norman Conquest of England, Ireland also received those Norman invaders, on whom had devolved, like the Romans of an earlier day, an historic mission to

Civilisation by the sword.

spread civilisation by the sword. To follow the *ifs* of history to any fancied conclusion is an obviously futile task. But, difficult to govern as the Ireland of to-day may seem —the mock of alien cynics, the playground of experimental politicians, well-nigh the despair of patriot statesmen—one shudders to contemplate a possible Ireland if the Normans had never landed on her shores.

CHAPTER V.

EPISODE OF EDWARD BRUCE.

From 1315 A.D. *to* 1318 A.D.

The Bruces invited to Ireland—Edward Bruce crowned—The First Earl of Kildare—Siege of Carrickfergus Castle—March to Dublin—And to the Shannon—Retreat of the Bruces—Battle of Faughard—Death of Edward Bruce—Three results.

ROBERT THE BRUCE, King of Scots, descended maternally from Diarmid Mac Murragha, married Ellen, a daughter of Richard de Burgh, the "Red Earl of Ulster." In her veins ran the blood of Rurie O'Connor. Bruce's great victory at Bannockburn in 1314 encouraged some of the leading Irish chieftains—notably De Bisset of Glenarm, Donald O'Neill of Tir-owen, and the De Lacys—to invite his aid in establishing a new government in Ireland. With the sanction, therefore, of the Scottish King, they offered the crown of Ireland to that daring and restless

The Bruces invited to Ireland.

spirit, Edward Bruce, Earl of Carrick, brother of the celebrated Robert.

Landing at Larne in May, 1315, with about 6000 men, Edward Bruce began the siege of that strong castle at Carrickfergus, on whose site a time-worn fortress of later date still looms dark over the shallows of Belfast Lough.

May 25, 1315.

Bruce's Irish allies, after drenching Dundalk in the blood of massacre, faced De Burgh, Earl of Ulster, near the town of Connor, and scattered his men in mail. Then, causing Edward Bruce to be crowned King of Ireland, they sent envoys to Scotland, inviting King Robert to join his brother with reinforcements. Having invaded the county of Kildare early in 1316, Edward, at the Moat of Ardscull, encountered in battle Sir Edmund Butler, then Lord Justice, with whom marched several great lords of Leinster.

Edward Bruce crowned. May 2, 1316.

One of these lords, John Fitz-thomas, Baron of Offaly, received from King Edward II. the earldom of Kildare, in recognition of the fact that he had been the first to sign a bond, binding himself

The first Earl of Kildare.

to maintain the rights of that Plantagenet monarch against all men, and, when called on, to place his nearest and dearest in Dublin Castle as hostages for his good faith.

Having taken the strong castle of Ley on the Barrow, and defeated Roger de Mortimer at Kells, Edward Bruce returned to Carrickfergus, where the grim old castle still held out against his soldiery. The besieged maintained a stout defence. When ships from Dublin arrived, with a reinforcement of men under De Mandeville, the strengthened garrison made a *sortie* at dawn upon the sleeping town. They slew sixty of Bruce's guard, commanded by Neill Fleming, who died in the fight. Startled from his slumbers, Edward rushed into the street, banner in hand, and with shouts rallied his drowsy troops. De Mandeville fell, cut down with an axe by Gilbert Harper; and then the panic-stricken garrison fled pell-mell to the keep. Soon afterwards the besieged made a proposal of surrender, if thirty of the Scottish soldiers would enter the castle to receive their submission. Passing through the gate

Siege of Carrickfergus Castle.

on an appointed day, the thirty soon found themselves lying chained in the dungeons of the castle; and the agreement to surrender was at once repudiated.

Days of revelry greeted the arrival of King Robert Bruce, who towards the end of 1316 arrived at Carrickfergus, having sailed over the narrow sea from Galloway. The defenders of the castle, now reduced to gnawing hides, and even, some said, to eating the flesh of their dead prisoners, surrendered soon afterwards.

Amid the green leaves of spring the two Bruces led their army to the vicinity of Dublin, with the intention of besieging the capital. There they learned that King Robert's father-in-law, the Red Earl, suspected of complicity with the Scottish invaders, had been violently seized, not without bloodshed, and now lay in custody at Dublin Castle. This surprise saved Dublin from a siege, for King Robert naturally refrained from any hostile movement that might lead to the mutilation or death of the Earl.

March to Dublin. 1317.

After lying for four days at Leixlip—a

cascade on the Liffey, noted, as its Norse name implies, for the leaping of salmon—the Scottish army marched south-westward by Naas, Cashel, and Nenagh, towards Limerick, where lay an O'Brien, who had sought their alliance in the hope that by the aid of their arms he might regain the lost crown of Thomond. During all this ill-omened march the Bruces acted under the advice of the discontented De Lacys; but when, at Castle-Connell on the Shannon, a threatening force lined the river-bank, and rumours grew thick of the Viceroy's approach with a powerful army, the brothers decided on retreating to the safer shore of Ulster, where their base of operations lay.

And to the Shannon.

De Mortimer, now commissioned as Viceroy by King Edward II., who may have cherished a wild hope of blotting out the disgrace of Bannockburn by some signal victory over the Bruces, landed at Youghal with 15,000 men, and hung, like an ever-threatening cloud, on the flanks of the retreating army. But the Scottish leaders, marching by night and encamping

Retreat of the Bruces. Easter, 1317.

in woods, contrived, after eating all their horses, to reach a place of comparative safety in the North. Thence King Robert sailed back to Scotland, leaving his brother to play the last few moves in an already hopeless game.

The Scottish earl, who wore a nominal crown of Ireland for two years, waited at Carrickfergus, as patiently as his fiery nature would allow, for the aid which he expected from Scotland. At last he could brook no further delay. With scarcely 2,000 soldiers he marched southward with the intention of ravaging Leinster once more.

But at Faughard, near Dundalk, a great army of the English colony, under the command of Sir John de Bermingham, blocked the entrance of a pass, and waited for their prey. In vain Sir John Stewart, Sir John Foulis, Sir Philip Mowbray—Scottish knights of wisdom and skill—tried to dissuade fiery Edward from the unequal battle. In vain his Irish allies urged the same safe course of retreat and delay. No! the sword of Bruce had glittered victorious in eighteen battles, won from

Battle of Faughard. Oct. 14, 1318.

these same craven colonists. Come what come might, he would dare abide the issue of a nineteenth conflict. In truth that madness, which descends on one doomed by the gods, had seized Edward Bruce at this crisis of his fate. Flouting the notion of retreat, he scornfully bade such as feared to join his banner, to stand aside and view the conflict from a place of safety.

It is said that De Bermingham, in the disguise of a friar, and De Maupas of Drogheda, dressed as a jester, made their way into Bruce's camp, in order to obtain exact knowledge of his plans. We have but scanty details of this battle at Faughard, which ended the restless life of Edward Bruce. He was found dead on the field, beneath the body of De Maupas, who had cut him down. Not far off lay Lord Alan Steward and Sir John Foulis. Bruce's head, salted in a little barrel, was sent over to England, and presented at table to King Edward II., while he was entertaining ambassadors from Scotland. They grew pale and fled; but he gloated over the pale grim trophy of his "felon foe."

Death of Edward Bruce.

The Scottish poet, John Barbour, Archdeacon of Aberdeen, tells us that, on the morning of the battle, Edward Bruce exchanged armour and surcoat with a devoted knight named Gilbert Harper, whose bleeding body was mistaken for that of the pseudo-King. If this were so, the salted head must have been Gilbert's.

The victorious De Bermingham received the Earldom of Louth as a reward for this service. Two allies of Bruce—John de Lacy and Robert de Coulragh—being flung into prison, got three crusts of bad bread and three drinks of bad water, every second day, till they died of starvation.

Thus fell Edward Bruce; and with him died the dream of a Scottish empire in Ireland. The short struggle of three years and a-half left three results—(1) it diminished the military prestige of England among the Irish septs; (2) it excited these septs to new and vigorous warlike action; (3) it reduced to a very low point the value of all English holdings in Irish land.

Three results.

CHAPTER VI.

THE GREAT KILDARE AND OTHER GERALDINES.

From 1477 A.D. *to* 1552 A.D.

Gherardini—Geraldines—The Great Earl—Brothers of Saint George—Kildare Lord Deputy—Lambert Simnel—Simnel crowned—Battle of Stoke—Kildare's Contrition—Mission of Edgecomb—A Greenwich Dinner—Hand-guns a novelty—Kildare's Conflict with Ormond—Kildare suspected—Poynings' Laws—Kildare at bay—Kildare before the English Council—His Mother-Wit—His Return to Ireland—Battle of Knockdoe—Death of the Great Kildare—Geroit Oge, Ninth Earl—A Kildare *versus* Wolsey—A Game at Slide-Grote—New Accusations—Silken Thomas—Siege of Dublin Castle—Death of Geroit Oge—Siege of Maynooth—Surrender of Silken Thomas—Seizure of his Uncles—Execution of the six Geraldines—Elizabeth the "Fair Geraldine"—Surrey's Verses—Scott's Lines—Her two Marriages—The Eleventh Earl—His Escape—Sails to France—Life in Italy—Return to Ireland—Restoration.

A NOBLE family in Florence, known as the Gherardini—in Latin *Geraldini*—sent forth a branch that took root in Nor-

mandy. One of the race, named Otho, settled in England as a friend and favourite of Edward the Confessor, from whom he received thirty-six lordships in the southern counties. His son Walter appears in Domesday Book as the owner of these wide lands. His grandson, Gerald Fitz-walter, having married Nesta, the beautiful widow of Stephen, Count of Cardigan, left four sons, the second of whom, called Maurice Fitz-gerald, figured conspicuously, as we have seen, in the Anglo-Norman invasion of Ireland.

The Gherardini.

From two sons of this celebrated knight sprang two branches of the great Irish family known as the Geraldines or FitzGeralds — a name inseparably wrought in threads of mingled gold and black into the web of Irish history. From the eldest son Gerald, first Baron of Offaly, descended the Geraldines of Kildare, now represented by the ducal house of Leinster. From Thomas, the third son, came the Southern Geraldines, represented chiefly by the Earls of Desmond.

The Geraldines.

The Barons of Offaly developed after

many years into the Earls of Kildare, in the person of John Fitz-thomas, upon whom in 1316 letters-patent from Edward II. conferred that higher rank.

Many Geraldines achieved renown both in the battle and the senate; but he who, *par excellence*, deserved the name of "The Great Kildare," as a central figure in the history of Ireland, was that Gerald FitzGerald who, in 1477, succeeded his father Thomas as eighth Earl of Kildare.

The Great Earl.

In 1474, Thomas, seventh Earl, organised a force called the "Brothers of Saint George," for the purpose of keeping in check both the English and the Irish rebels. Thirteen officers of high rank, connected with the counties of Dublin, Kildare, Meath, and Louth, which then formed the English Pale, were placed in command of 200 men—40 horsemen, 40 pages, and 120 mounted archers. Of this force, which formed a rudimentary army in Ireland, young Gerald FitzGerald, the Earl's son, as premier knight, was elected the first captain.

Brothers of Saint George.

When in 1477 Thomas, seventh Earl of Kildare, died, this Gerald, who succeeded

him, inherited an old family feud—very destructive of Irish peace—between the Geraldines and the Butlers of Kilkenny.

Though Kildare, appointed Lord Deputy in 1478, had held office under two White Rose kings—Edward IV. and Richard III.—yet, when Crookback fell at Bosworth and the first of the Tudors wore a Red Rose crown, he was permitted to retain his post, and rejoiced greatly when he heard that the Red and the White flowers had been twined in marriage by the union of Henry VII. with Elizabeth of York. The news having reached him while he was attending service at Christ Church in Dublin, he ordered the Prior to celebrate another mass for the King and the new Queen.

Kildare Lord Deputy. 1478 A.D.

King Henry VII., a suspicious monarch and by no means sure of Kildare, soon commanded the Earl to appear in England; but an Irish Parliament, opportunely summoned, informed the King by letter that the Earl really could not obey the royal summons just then, because the subjects under discussion in Parliament were too important to permit of his absence.

Then came the Simnel imposture, in which Kildare played a leading part. Most people knew that for some time Henry VII. had kept locked in the Tower a noble youth, Edward Earl of Warwick, son of that Duke of Clarence for whose father's sake—and indeed for whose own—the Irish race loved the White Rose well. Accordingly, when in 1486 a rumour spread that Warwick had escaped from prison, and when a handsome youth, asserting himself to be the young Earl, appeared in Dublin under the tutelage of William Symonds, an Oxford priest, Kildare received this person, who was really a joiner's son, by name Lambert Simnel, with all the honour due to a rightful king.

Lambert Simnel.

Crowned in Christ Church, Dublin, by the Bishop of Meath, with a golden diadem taken from a statue of the Virgin Mary, this pseudo-King, proclaimed as Edward VI., was carried from the Cathedral to the Castle, *more Hibernico*, on the back of a huge chief, "big Darcy of Platten." A Parliament summoned in his name, and coins stamped with his image, indicated Simnel's assumption of royal power. Though some

Simnel crowned.

of his adherents demanded that Ireland should be made the seat of war, it was finally decided to invade England.

Two English lords—Lincoln and Lovel—then arrived at Dublin with a force of 2,000 Germans, under Martin Swart, supplied by the Duchess of Burgundy, that sister of Edward IV. whose court had become a refuge for all malcontent lovers of the White Rose. To these Simnel added a host of Irish armed with knives. Sailing from Dublin under command of the Earl of Lincoln, the expedition landed at Foudrey in Furness; but it soon appeared that the English peasant held aloof from these alien invaders. Speedily a battle at East Stoke, near Newark on the Trent, decided the fate of the flying column. Lincoln, Swart, and two FitzGeralds—Thomas and Maurice—brothers of Kildare, died on the field; Lovel disappeared; and Simnel, not unwillingly perhaps, doffed the silken robe of royalty, and subsided to the safe obscurity of his conqueror's kitchen, finding in the turning of spits and the feeding of hawks a peace often denied to princes.

Battle of Stoke. June 16, 1487 A.D.

Though the Earl of Kildare must have moved the springs of this expedition, he does not seem to have joined personally in the invasion. Seeing that the game was lost, he, in conjunction with other Irish lords of the Pale, wrote contrite letters to King Henry VII., asking humbly for pardon. He knew well that Henry could not refuse the appeal, for the bold Earl held Ireland in his hand. Kildare received his pardon, and retained his position as Lord Deputy.

Kildare's contrition.

But the relations between the Earl and the King were strained; the truce was hollow. Next year, King Henry sent Sir Richard Edgecomb to Ireland to secure an oath of allegiance from Kildare. The Deputy remained absent from Dublin for a whole week—devoutly engaged on pilgrimage, it was said; but immediately on his return, though their first meeting was bitter on the Envoy's side and cold on the Earl's, he feasted Edgecomb sumptuously both at his Dublin mansion of Thomascourt and among the roses of Maynooth. Yet he still delayed to swear allegiance, hesitating

Mission of Edgecomb.

especially at one condition laid down by Sir Richard, which demanded that any violation of the bond should be followed, as a penalty, by the forfeiture of his estates. With his White Rose lords around him, Kildare announced in a defiant tone that they, "the Simnel faction," would rather become Irish every one of them than sign to such a bond. Edgecomb then prudently withdrew this claim, consenting to accept, instead of the bond, an oath of allegiance, sworn on the Holy Sacrament. On receiving Kildare's homage in the King's chamber at Thomas-court, Sir Richard placed round the Earl's neck, as a token of royal goodwill, a gold chain, called "the collar of the King's livery." After mass had been splendidly celebrated, Kildare swore allegiance, holding his hand over "the host"; and then from choir, organ, and bell, the great Cathedral uplifted such sounds of joy as told the assembled crowds outside that peace had been made between their Earl and their King. Storms delayed Edgecomb at Dalkey for a week, before he could hoist sail for England.

1488 A.D.

A Greenwich dinner in the following year

cemented this alliance. Summoning the Irish lords, with Kildare at their head, to the banks of the Thames, King Henry VII. gave them audience. The caustic remark that "they would crown an ape, should he (the King) be absent long," prepared these lords for a further lesson, which they received, when they sat down to a state banquet and saw, among the butlers and the footmen, their ex-King Simnel running to the guests with dishes, like any common lackey.

A Greenwich dinner. 1489 A.D.

About this time the Great Earl received from Germany a present of six hand-guns, then a novelty in war. Much to the wonder of the Dublin folk, he made his guards at Thomascourt pace up and down the great hall with these weapons on their shoulder. Some time earlier (1488) we find the first mention of artillery in Irish history, in a statement of the annalists that Kildare had blown down Balrath in Westmeath, a fortress of the Mac Geoghegans, by using cannons.

Guns a novelty.

The fortunes of the Great Kildare now began to darken. The appearance at Cork

of Perkin Warbeck, the impostor, coupled with other circumstances, excited grave suspicions that he was plotting against the King. Though removed from the high office of Lord Deputy, he never ceased to face his enemies with a bold front. The old feud between Geraldines and Butlers then blazed into civil war. The Earl ravaged the Ormond lands. Sir James of Ormond, the Lord Treasurer, burned the town of Kildare and threatened the castle of Thomascourt, which lay on the south side of the Liffey. At this crisis, Kildare arranged a meeting in St. Patrick's Church for the purpose of negotiating a truce. But "a round knot of archers" rudely disturbed the proceedings by rushing on Ormond to slay him. When Sir James fled into the chapter-house and barred the door, they shot wildly into the rood-loft and the chancel, piercing with their arrows even the statues of Christ and the saints. Then occurred a strange scene, typical of the wild life of violence and mistrust that filled these olden days in Ireland. Coming to the door of the chapter-house, Kildare called out to

Kildare's conflict with Ormond.

1492 A.D.

Ormond that, upon the honour of a knight, "he should receive no violence." This did not satisfy the imprisoned Ormond, who demanded Kildare's hand as a pledge of faith. At the Earl's order, a battle-axe instantly struck the door, cleaving a hole large enough for a hand to pass through. But Ormond declined to make the first advance, fearing that his hand might be chopped off; so Kildare stretched in his hand, which Ormond clasped. The door being then opened, they embraced and were friends—for a time! For this act of sacrilege—shooting arrows in a church—a Papal Legate, sent specially from Rome, inflicted a penance on Dublin, ordaining that, before the Sacrament on Corpus Christi Day, the Mayor should always walk barefoot through the city.

Renewed suspicions having arisen regarding the loyalty of Kildare, he went to England.

Kildare suspected.

In reply to his assertions of innocence, King Henry coldly told him that Sir Edward Poynings was about to visit Ireland with the authority of Lord Deputy. Sir Edward arrived at Dublin in September,

1494. Eager to make some show of fidelity to the King, Kildare marched northward with the new Lord Deputy to assail the supporters of Warbeck. But news of evil sound soon turned the expedition southward again. Poynings heard that the Earl and a chief named O'Hanlon had formed a plot to murder him; and almost at the same time he received tidings that James FitzGerald, brother of Kildare, having flung aside his allegiance, had seized the Castle of Carlow. Sir Edward retook this castle in a week.

Poynings summoned at Drogheda a Parliament, which passed those Acts that made his name notable in Irish history. They forbade the meeting of any Parliament of the English subjects in Ireland without license under the Great Seal of England, and declared that no statute should be legal, unless previously approved of by the Viceroy and Colonial Privy Council, and sanctioned by the King and his Council in England: enacting also that all laws lately made in England, concerning the public weal, should have force in Ireland. These Acts were not repealed until the year

Poynings' Laws.

1782. Another statute, pointedly levelled at Kildare, attainted the Earl and his adherents; enacting, besides, that the war-cry of the FitzGeralds (*Crom-aboo*),* and that of the Butlers (*Butler-aboo*), must be used no more.

Kildare at bay.

For a time, at this period of his life, the Great Earl stood at bay as an outlaw—a very Ishmael of the bogs, his hand against every man. Fighting, twelve to twenty, he slew Plunkett of Rathmore. Regardless of cleric ban, he dragged the Bishop of Meath out of the chancel of a church in which that prelate had taken refuge, swearing by St. Bride that he had a mind to make the poor priest's shaven crown into what Shakspere calls a "bloody coxcomb."

Kildare before the English Council. 1496 A.D.

At last, lured by the hope of a pardon, Kildare returned to Dublin. Seized that very evening, he was carried to a ship and sent a prisoner to England. After a dismal time of captivity in the Tower, darkened by the death

* This word *(Crom-a-buiad)* means "Croom to Victory;" Croom being the name of a castle in Co. Limerick, owned by the Kildares.

of his first wife, Alison Eustace, the Earl appeared before the English Council to answer his accusers. And then occurred a dramatic scene, through which the happy audacity of a spirit that no adversity could break carried him triumphantly. When charged with desecrating the sanctuary, where the Bishop of Meath had taken refuge, he replied, "I am not learned enough to make answer, and the Bishop is a learned man."

"Choose a counsellor," retorted King Henry.

"I doubt," said the Earl, "I shall not have that good fellow I would choose."

"But you shall," said the King. "You need the best counsel, for your case is very bad."

"I will choose the best in England," cried Kildare.

"And who is that?" inquired the King.

"Marry! the King himself; and I will choose no other."

Bursting into a loud laugh, Henry said to the Council, "In good faith, a wiser man might have chosen worse."

A second charge accused Kildare of burn-

ing the Cathedral at Cashel. "Yes," said he with sublime *sang-froid*, "I ought not to have done so; but I thought the Archbishop was in it."

Kildare's mother-wit.

As the Archbishop referred to was sitting a few yards off with a brow of thunder, this sally fairly "brought down the house." The King roared with laughter. And when the Bishop of Meath shouted angrily, "All Ireland cannot rule this man!" "Then," said Henry, adroitly twisting the phrase, "he shall rule all Ireland."

Thus the Great Earl foiled his foes. Restored to his titles and his estates, replaced in his high office of Lord Deputy, he returned to Ireland to begin a second reign.

His return to Ireland. August, 1496 A.D.

During the next seven years Kildare assailed the King's enemies in all parts of Ireland. In particular he took a leading share, allied with the Earl of Desmond, in thwarting the plans of Perkin Warbeck, who, driven from Scotland in 1497, had landed for the third time at Cork, in the hope of arousing his Irish sympathisers to war. Thomond, Ulster, Connaught, all in turn

felt the weight of the Earl's strong right hand.

Battle of Knock-doe.

But the chief event of Kildare's later life was a signal victory, won at *Cnoc-tuagh* (hill of axes), now Knockdoe, seven miles from Galway. His daughter Eustacia, having married Ulick MacWilliam Burke, Lord of Clanricarde, suffered such ill-treatment at the hands of her husband that her father interfered. This kindled a hot feud. Clanricarde, forming alliances with O'Brien of Munster, O'Connor of Connaught, and other chieftains of the western and southern septs, brought into the field a large army—larger, some say, than any force of Irishmen that had assembled in war since the days of Strongbow. Nine solid battalions confronted the viceregal force.

With Kildare rode Desmond, and many lords of the Pale; a miscellaneous host of O'Hanlons, O'Kellys, and Burkes crowded round his standard; and the Lord Mayor of Dublin led a strong body of Leinster archers in the van.

When the Viceroy's forces approached their position, the half-naked *galloglasses* of Clan-

ricarde rushed from the slopes of Knock-
Aug. 19, doe with a wild shout. But a stinging
1504 A.D. shower of Leinster arrows, "nailing their axes to their hands," checked their onset, and strewed the ground with slain. Kildare then ordered his vanguard to fall upon the disordered ranks of the foe. At this crisis the hot blood of young Gerald, the Earl's son, who commanded the reserve, almost produced a disaster. Swept away by the current of "the heady fight," this lad of seventeen abandoned the ignoble but necessary task of guarding the baggage, and charged with his men into the thick of the *mêlée*. This mistake gave a temporary gleam of success to the rebels, whose horse swept down to plunder and to kill. But all in vain. Of the nine battalions marshalled by Clanricarde, only one shattered remnant survived. More than 4,000 men lay dead upon the field. The neighbouring towns of Galway and Athenry yielded at once to the victor. For many a year afterwards the turbulent septs beyond the Shannon, stunned by this heavy blow, bowed to the English yoke, if not without

murmur, at least without any effort of resistance.

Retreating with his soldiers to the Pale, the Earl celebrated his success in princely fashion by broaching thirty tuns of wine. In the following year Henry VII. bestowed on him the honour of the Garter.

Re-appointed by Henry VIII. in 1510 to the position of Lord Justice, and afterwards to that of Lord Deputy, the Earl spent his last efforts in reducing the Desmond country to submission. But soon thereafter, struck by a shot while his horse was drinking at the river Greese near Kilkea, he crept slowly to Kildare, where he died on the 3rd of September, 1513.

Death of the Great Kildare.

> "Who killed Kildare?
> Who dared Kildare to kill?
> Death killed Kildare,
> Who dare kill whom he will!"
>
> (*Swift.*)

For six-and-thirty years (1477–1513) this Great Earl—a man of Cromwell's mould, who died on Cromwell's fateful day (Sept. 3)—had figured as a central power in Irish history. Fierce to his enemies, gentle to his friends;

easily heated to anger, but as easily cooled; he moved through the land—a tall and stately prince—controlling the O's and the Macs more by the terror of his name than by the weight of his blows. But, when he did strike, he took care that no second blow should be needed.

GEROIT OGE, NINTH EARL.

Geroit Oge, or Gerald the Younger, eldest son of the Great Earl by his first wife, became ninth Earl of Kildare in 1513. His rash bravery, as a boy, at the battle of Knockdoe has been already mentioned. His personal beauty attracted all eyes amid the splendours of the "Field of the Cloth of Gold," to which he went in the retinue of Henry VIII. There, or in London, a little earlier, he won the love of Lady Elizabeth Grey, first cousin to the King. Becoming his second wife, this lady gave birth, besides other children, to a daughter, whose name as the "Fair Geraldine" is dear to all lovers of poetry and romance.

Geroit Oge, ninth Earl.

Owing to accusations, which emanated from the Earl of Ossory (formerly Ormond),

Kildare was summoned to London in 1526, and committed to the Tower. Before the Council he displayed not a little of his father's spirit and ready wit. When Cardinal Wolsey, who lost patience, taunted him, saying—"Earl? nay, King of Kildare! you reign more like than rule the land,"—he boldly replied—"My lord, I would you and I had changed kingdoms but for one month. I would gather up more crumbs in that space than twice the revenues of my poor earldom. I slumber in a hard cabin, while you sleep in a bed of down. I drink water out of my skull, where you drink wine out of golden cups. While you are begraced and crouched and kneeled to, then I find small grace with our Irish borderers except I cut them off by the knees."

A Kildare *versus* Wolsey.

This defiance of the great Cardinal all but cost Kildare his head. One night, while he was playing *slide-grote* (shovel-board) with the Lieutenant of the Tower, the latter received a sudden despatch from the Cardinal, which he read with a deep sigh. It was an order to execute Kildare next day. "By St. Bride!" said the Earl, "there is

A game at *slide-grote*.

some mad game in that scroll; but, fall how it may"—and, as he spoke, he struck the coin along the table—"this throw is for a huddle." Then he calmly heard the news. At once, though it was midnight, he sent the Lieutenant to the King, who gave his signet ring as a token of reprieve. Wolsey swore—not mildly—when next day the Lieutenant showed him this ring.

Not only did Kildare escape the scaffold on this occasion, but in a few years he again received the office of Lord Deputy, and landed in Dublin amid the loud cheers of the citizens (1532). He had previously visited Ireland in the train of Skeffington, an earlier Viceroy.

In the very year of his return, a bullet from a hand-gun, at the siege of Birr, having pierced his side, caused partial paralysis of both limbs and tongue. Taking advantage of his weakness, his enemies sent to England such strong accusations against him, that the King summoned him to appear in London—for the last time, as it proved to be. It was stated that he habitually exacted *coign and livery* throughout the counties of Kildare and Carlow, for the sup-

New accusations.

port of *kerns* and spearmen, to fight his own battles, not the King's; and that his wife, children, and servants constantly resorted to convents and country houses, where they stayed for days, without paying one penny for their entertainment.

SILKEN THOMAS.

Before leaving Ireland, Kildare assembled a council at Drogheda, where with many pathetic and impressive words he delivered the sword of state to his eldest son, Lord Offaly, committing to him the care and government of Ireland. This youth, known as *Thomaus na Sheeda*, or Silken Thomas, was but twenty-one years of age, handsome, rosy, sweet-voiced. Soon afterwards (June 11), enraged at a rumour that his father had been beheaded in the Tower, he rode to St. Mary's Abbey in Dublin, accompanied by a guard of 140 men in mail, with silken fringes on their helmets; and there, surrounded by his excited soldiery, he offered the sword of state to the Chancellor, with the wild words, "I am none of Henry's Deputy: I am his foe." A bard

Silken Thomas. Feby., 1534 A.D.

named Nelan then began to chant the deeds of the Geraldines, which so inflamed the martial ardour of the young lord, that, in spite of the mild remonstances of Chancellor Cromer, he dashed down the sword and hurried from the chamber.

His next step was to besiege the Castle of Dublin, in which Archbishop Allen and Chief Baron Finglas had taken refuge. Allen tried to escape by sea; but, the ship having run aground at Clontarf, he was murdered at Artane in presence of Silken Thomas. The citizens of Dublin, bribed by a promise that their city should be spared, permitted the rebels not only to come within their walls, but to erect batteries and ramparts, from which small cannon, called "falcons," were directed against the Castle.

Siege of Dublin Castle.

A raid on Carlow and Kildare by the Earl of Ossory, who, as a Butler, was the implacable foe of all FitzGeralds, diverted Thomas for a time from the siege of Dublin Castle. After an inroad of reprisal on the lands of Kilkenny, Offaly proposed to Ossory that they should abandon all allegiance to King Henry, and divide Ireland between them.

Ossory rejected with indignation this traitorous proposal. Bad news from Dublin then reached Lord Thomas. The citizens, in anger at some alleged breach of faith, had forbidden his soldiers to continue the siege of the Castle, and by shutting the gates had caught them as in a trap. Without delay Thomas hastened to the capital, and began vigorous operations in the siege.

John White, Constable of the Castle, repelled the first assault, delivered from Ship Street, by burning some thatched houses there. Assembling his forces at Thomascourt, Offaly then cut a way from house to house along the lower stories in Thomas Street, so that his men could creep under cover, safe from shot, up to the very gate of the Castle. But he had traitors in his camp, who shot headless arrows and shafts with letters tied to them over the walls, thus giving the garrison early news of all the rebel plans. Ere long the besieged citizens, encouraged by tidings of a relieving force from England, made a vigorous sally from the gates, and drove back the rebel bands with a loss of, at least, one hundred men.

This rebellion broke the heart of Geroit Oge—ninth Earl of Kildare—who died in the Tower, and was buried in St. Peter's Chapel (12th December, 1534).

Death of Geroit Oge.

The last hope of Silken Thomas, who became by his father's death tenth Earl, lay in the Castle of Maynooth. Lord Deputy Skeffington, now recovered from a heavy sickness, which had rendered him inactive for months, began the siege of this stronghold. Parese, the Governor, proving unfaithful to his trust, admitted the royal troops within the outer lines of defence, which enabled them easily to carry the central tower by storm. The Dean of Kildare, Governor Parese, and twenty-four others, found hidden in this keep, suffered death; for the rule of Irish warfare then was, "Spare not the skilled soldiers."

Siege of Maynooth. March 14, 1535 A.D.

In the same year (1535) Lord Thomas, deprived of many adherents by a Government proclamation entitled "the Pardon of Maynooth," and ultimately deserted by his last ally, O'Connor,

Surrender of Silken Thomas.

sought an interview with Lord Leonard Grey, Marshal of the King's army; and at the edge of the Bog of Allen he surrendered himself to the royal mercy.

But little mercy he found. Escorted to England by Lord Leonard Grey, he was committed to the Tower. Behind him in Ireland he left lands waste with weeds—the shells of castles black with fire. But the Government did not consider one victim enough. Inviting three noble Geraldines—James, Walter, and Richard, uncles of Lord Thomas—to dinner at Kilmainham, Grey had them arrested at the very table. He also put in ward at Dublin Castle two other uncles, Oliver and John; and, not long afterwards, the five, carried across the sea in a ship named "The Cow," joined their nephew in the Tower of London.

Seizure of his five uncles.

That "headlong hotespurre," who had so brightly glittered in splendid raiment as to deserve the name of "Silken Thomas," suffered many hardships during his imprisonment. We find, from a piteous letter written to a retainer towards the end of

1536, that he must have gone barefoot and barelegged, if some poor fellow-prisoners had not given him old shoes and hosen.

Execution of the six Geraldines. 1537 A.D.

On the 3rd of February, 1537, Thomas FitzGerald and his five uncles underwent at Tyburn the ignoble punishment then inflicted upon traitors. They were drawn, hanged, and quartered. On a stone of his cell in the Tower he had cut in rude letters—

THOMAS FITZG——

—pathetic symbols, unfinished like his young and broken life.

THE FAIR GERALDINE.

Elizabeth, "the fair Geraldine."

Lady Elizabeth FitzGerald, grand-daughter of the Great Kildare, and step-sister of Silken Thomas, was the "fair Geraldine" enshrined in Surrey's verse. Though born in Ireland, this daughter of Geroit Oge by his second wife, Lady Elizabeth Grey, grew up at the English court, and, while still a mere child, became maid of honour to the Princess Mary, who was after-

wards Queen of England. At Hunsdon in Herts, when she was but thirteen years of age, the Irish eyes of this red-haired, white-necked girl set fire to the poetic fancy of Surrey, then aged twenty-four, who celebrated her beauty in a well-known sonnet, and wore her colours on his helmet in a tournament at Florence.

Surrey's verse.

Walter Scott, in the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, has wrought into fine poetic form the substance of a legend, depicting Surrey as he gazes on a vision of this beauty, revealed to him in the magic mirror of Cornelius Agrippa :—

Scott's lines.

"Pale her dear cheek, as if for love she pined ;
All in her night-robe loose she lay reclined,
And pensive read from tablet eburnine,
Some strain that seemed her inmost soul to find :
That favoured strain was Surrey's raptured line,
That fair and lovely form the beauteous Geraldine."

But alas for poetry and romance, when we turn the pitiless light of cold reality upon these pretty pictures !—

In 1543, when she had attained the age of fifteen years, the fair Geraldine married Sir Anthony Brown, K.G., who was *sixty*. And, five years later, being

Her two marriages.

left in disconsolate widowhood, she consented to become the *third* wife of Edward, Earl of Lincoln, who survived the union for twenty-five years. Effigies in stone—the Earl in armour and Elizabeth in ruffs—decorate their tomb in St. George's Chapel at Windsor.

GERALD, ELEVENTH EARL.

In order to complete this group of portraits from the Kildare gallery, we must touch lightly on the romantic adventures of another Geraldine, ultimately restored to the title and estates as eleventh Earl of Kildare.

Eleventh Earl.

Born in 1525, this elder brother of Lady Elizabeth was not twelve years of age when Silken Thomas was arrested. Though the boy was ill with small-pox, his tutor, Leverous, secretly conveyed him in a large basket to his step-sister, Lady Mary O'Connor, wife of the chieftain of Offaly. The Government sought in vain to arrest this youthful scion of a great house, with whom all Ireland sympathised. His aunt, Lady Eleanor MacCarthy, with whom

His escape.

he lived for a time at Kilbriton in County Cork, consented, in Gerald's interest, to marry O'Donnell of Tyrconnel or Donegal. Aunt and nephew passed northward to this new home, journeying through the wild west, by way of Thomond, Galway, and Sligo, till they reached O'Donnell's fortress. There the two leading chiefs of Ulster made a league to aid young Gerald against the "Englishrie." Lady Eleanor, however, suspecting that her husband intended to betray Gerald, sent the boy, dressed in a saffron shirt like a native, on board of a ship that lay in Donegal Bay, and a fair wind bore him and the faithful Leverous safely to St. Malo in France.

Sails to France.

Garret Fiz Garret—so his name appears in a despatch from France—passed on to Paris, to Brussels, to Mantua, and then to Rome, where his cousin, Cardinal Reginald Pole, superintended his education. Sailing from Malta with the Knights of St. John, he saw some military service on the Barbary coast against the Turks and the Moors. Somewhat later he served for three years as Master of the Horse to Cosmo

Life in Italy.

de Medici at Florence, where his family connections—the Gherardini—no doubt looked kindly on a young Irish cousin, endowed with no ordinary share of the family beauty.

Return to Ireland, and restoration.

The death of Henry VIII. in 1547 enabled Gerald to return to London. There, in the house of his sister, now no longer Surrey's Geraldine, but plain Elizabeth Brown, he found a wife in the person of her step-daughter Mabel. Restored in 1552 to his estates by letters patent, he soon returned to Ireland amid much joy and congratulation. But the Statute of Attainder, passed upon Silken Thomas, his five uncles, and their accessories, was not repealed until 1569. We shall meet the name of this Gerald in another chapter. Having died in London (1585), he was buried at Kildare.

CHAPTER VII.

SHANE O'NEILL.

From 1559 A.D. *to* 1567 A.D.

A Rough Diamond—Conn O'Neill the Lame—Election of Shane as Chief—An Irish Bluebeard—Defeat of the English near Armagh—Plot to kill Shane—Shane visits London—Has Audience of the Queen—Return of Shane to Ireland—A Baited Trap—Shane's Revenge—New plan of Presidents—Gift of Poisoned Wine—*Foogh-ni-Gall*—Misery of the Land—Sir Henry Sidney made Viceroy—State of Ireland—Shane's Reply to Stukely—Urgency of Sidney—Northward March of Sidney—Wild Efforts of Shane—Result of Sidney's March—Fate of Derry—Shane in straits—Last Fight at Gaviston—Shane's Refuge at Red Bay—Ignoble Death of Shane.

EARLY in the reign of Queen Elizabeth there lived and ruled in Ulster a Celtic chieftain of the royal O'Neill blood, who for nearly seven years, with a masterful combination of craft and force, paralysed every effort of the English rulers

A rough diamond.

to reduce him to subjection. This was Shane O'Neill, mockingly, but in some respects not untruly, styled by the English courtiers, "O'Neill the Great, cousin to St. Patrick, friend to the Queen of England, enemy to all the world besides." Lustful, drunken, cruel though this semi-savage undoubtedly was, there underlay his worst faults a rough power of governing men, and a dauntless ability in action, that challenge in us a feeling akin to unwilling admiration.

Conn O'Neill the Lame.

Shane's father, Conn the Lame, on being created Earl of Tyrone in 1542 by King Henry VIII., had, in a passing fit of loyalty, renounced the historic name of O'Neill. Reaction, however, soon set in; and then he invoked terrible curses on any of his descendants who should speak English, sow wheat, or build castles on the English plan. Lavishing all his fatherly love on Matthew, his illegitimate son by Alison Kelly, wife of a blacksmith at Dundalk, Conn secured for this boy the title Baron of Dungannon, which made him, in effect, heir to the earldom of Tyrone.

This roused the anger of Shane, another

son of Conn, who claimed to be of legitimate birth. With the aid of his other brothers, he defeated and killed Matthew, drove his father to exile and to death, and, standing on the Stone of Destiny amid his shouting clansmen, secured his own election to the proud position of *The O'Neill*, a title which seemed to the Celtic mind grander far than "King."

Election of Shane as Chief. 1559 A.D.

This splendid savage was quite an Irish Bluebeard. Desirous for a time of allaying the old feud between the O'Neills and the O'Donnells, he obtained in marriage the sister of Callogh O'Donnell, chief of that clan. Disposing of her shortly by "murder or otherwise," he next sought alliance with the M'Connells, a clan of Scots settled in Tyrconnel (*i.e.*, Donegal). But this union did not long satisfy his soul. Callogh O'Donnell had a Scotch wife—half sister to the Earl of Argyle—a learned dame, skilled in Latin, Italian, and French: on her Shane fixed his fierce grey eyes. He coolly proposed to the Earl that this accomplished lady might be taken from O'Donnell and given to himself; and when this audacious

An Irish Blue-beard.

proposal was contemptuously ignored, he swooped suddenly into Tyrconnel, carried off this "Countess of Argyle," and clapped her husband into prison. And yet, all the while, he was pleading with Queen Elizabeth to select for him, as a wife, some English gentlewoman of noble blood.

1560 A.D.

The Deputy or Viceroy of the time was the Earl of Sussex, a weak and shiftless man. Moving northward to crush the audacious Shane, he seized the Cathedral of Armagh, which he fortified as a base of operations. Ormond, with a band of Irish skirmishers, reinforced him there. Shane made a dash on the place to burn it, but the English drove him back. Undaunted he bided his time. A day came in the same month (July, 1561), when the whole English force marched out from Armagh to capture some herds of cattle, which certain natives alleged that they had seen. Sussex unhappily stayed behind, to tend the sickbed of Ormond. The cattle story was merely a *ruse* of Shane. Bursting from the woods with his wild war-cry, *Launderg aboo* (the Red Hand

Defeat of the English near Armagh.

to the fore), he drove the rear-guard of the English army in panic-flight in upon the main body, through which his Irish swordsmen rode, mowing down the huddled English foot like grass. Nothing saved the force from annihilation but the prompt courage of Fitzwilliam, who led the English van. Startled by the sudden tumult, he galloped back through the fog with a dozen men, and charged right at Shane with such good effect that the chieftain thought it prudent to retreat. It was, however, a terrible blow to English pride—this narrow escape of a whole force from destruction "on a plain three miles from any wood."

Plot to kill Shane.

Pitiful to relate, the baffled Sussex then stooped to a base intrigue with one of Shane's followers named Neil Grey, a wretch who consented, for the bribe of a hundred marks of land by the year, to murder the chief, if it could be done with safety to himself. This nefarious plot came to nothing. Queen Elizabeth knew of it by letter; but we know not her reply. A second raid of Sussex into the North resulted in no success beyond the slaughter in Tyrone

of 4,000 of Shane's kine, which were left on the ground to rot.

Having met the Earl of Kildare at Dundalk, Shane agreed on certain conditions to appear in London before the Queen. He demanded (1) a safe-conduct of undeniable clearness; (2) absolute pardon for his past offences; (3) the payment of all expenses for himself and his guards; (4) the evacuation of Armagh Cathedral. And these points he gained, except the last, which he graciously waived in compliment to Her Grace of England. Then, escorted by Kildare, this wild Irish Celt crossed the sea, and proceeded to London. Before introducing him to the royal presence, Cecil and other ministers held a somewhat unsatisfactory conference with Shane.

Shane O'Neill visits London.

It was a wild and strange, yet withal noble figure, that strode fearlessly into the audience-chamber on the appointed day, and flung himself on his face before the Queen. He wore the Irish dress, a yellow linen cloak; and, as he rose to his knees, to utter in Irish words, that sounded to the dainty courtiers

Has audience of the Queen. 1562 A.D.

like the barking of a dog, his confession of wrong-doing and his promises of obedience to the Queen, the fierce shining of his grey eyes through the *glibbe* or tangled fringe of hair that hung over them, almost belied the meaning of his words. Around him, grim and silent, clad in wolfskin and mail, stood his red-haired *galloglasses*, battle-axe in hand.

In spite of this submission, Shane could not for some time obtain leave to return to Ireland. "No!" said the English ministers; "before you go, the young Baron of Dungannon, son of murdered Matthew, must come over and state his case as a claimant for the earldom of Tyrone."

Return of Shane to Ireland.

Some of Shane's clansmen cut the knot of this difficulty by killing the boy near Carlingford; and then Bluebeard, after again vainly imploring Elizabeth to choose him a noble English wife with money, went back to Ulster triumphant, the acknowledged *Captain* (not Earl) of Tyrone, but armed with privileges and powers that placed him almost on a level with the Lord Deputy himself.

Sussex, indeed, proved to be no match for his wily foe. Playing upon Shane's desire

for an English wife, he invited the chief to Dublin to see his own sister—as a candidate bride; but the cunning Ulster chief knew better than to run his neck into a noose. Tempting though the bait seemed, the trap was too obvious. "If I went," said Shane, "I should never return." He then took his revenge. Turning fiercely on the O'Donnells, he burned their homesteads and slew their kine. He drove the remaining MacGuires of Fermanagh, ruined and naked, into the islands of Lough Erne. One dark night, strange lights twinkled in scores round Armagh Cathedral, and in the morning the cattle of the garrison were gone. Said the Irish loafers, jeering at the gate: "Those twinkling lights last night were the eyes of wolves that have eaten your cows." But the troopers within knew better. Every gleam of light had been the fuse of a matchlock in the hands of an O'Neill; and, if the English garrison had ventured from the shelter of their walls, they would assuredly have perished to a man.

A baited trap.

Shane's revenge.

Poor Sussex, conscious of his own feebleness, made a straggling advance to Armagh

in 1563, hoping for aid against Shane from the Scots and the degraded Ulster chiefs. He had with him neither money, bread, nor tools to work with. Churls stole his horses, while he was praying on Easter Monday. Everything presaged failure; and failure came.

At this crisis the Queen gladly adopted a scheme, suggested by Sir Thomas Cusack, a member of the Irish Council, *viz.*, that each province should have a president —the three purely Irish provinces, Ulster, Munster, and Connaught, being placed under the control of a leading Irish chief of the district. In accordance with this plan Cusack, empowered by Her Grace, made liberal and apologetic offers to Shane. He might have a council at Armagh under his own presidency. The Queen would help him to expel the Scots from Antrim. He might name a Primate, who, if desired, should be of his own—the Catholic—faith. Consenting to these terms, Shane became again in effect almost the Sovereign of Ulster, at the easy price of promising allegiance to the Queen.

The new plan of Presidents. 1563 A.D.

This treaty had not yet been signed, when

Shane received from Dublin a gift of wine. The gift of poisoned wine. He and his drank deeply of it, and fell deadly sick. No one died; but clearly the wine had been drugged. None can tell who was chiefly guilty of this dastardly deed. A certain Thomas Smith of Dublin confessed his guilt; but no law of death could reach him, as the crime of murder had not been actually perpetrated. One cannot help a suspicion arising that Lord Sussex, at least, knew of what had been attempted. In the Queen's letters to him on the subject she assumed an indignant tone; but in spite of Shane's clamours for redress—clamours which Cusack persuaded him to cease—no one ever came to justice for this atrocious second attempt to remove by murder the powerful Captain of Ulster.

In *Foogh-ni-Gall* (Hate of Strangers), as he styled his fortress on an island of Lough Neagh, Shane held his barbaric court. *Foogh-ni-Gall.* In the morning he drilled and reviewed his six hundred retainers, who ate and drank without stint at his board: in the evening, full of wine or usquebaugh, he unchained his leman, the "Countess of

Argyle," who, during his absence from home, was always shackled to a horse-boy; and made that wretched though faithful woman wait on him like a slave. Ever and anon he would ride with his men through Ulster, sweeping off sheep and cattle from the farms, and asserting with sword and flame his right to all the privileges of monarchy.

Misery of the land.

Undoubtedly the time had come for a change of Viceroy, if perchance Ireland might yet be saved. Sir Nicholas Arnold, sent over as a Royal Commissioner to investigate the state of affairs, discovered an unexpected depth of financial rottenness in the Dublin accounts; and saw little hope of curing the chronic disorders of the land, except by allowing the wild Irish to tear at each other "like bear and bandog." Feud upon feud burnt up the prosperity of the country; till the genial southern counties—even that boasted "Golden Valley," which under peaceful culture might blossom and ripen into a very garden—lay like a blackened desert, peopled with living skeletons that preyed even on the dead of their own kind.

When Shane O'Neill, having defeated the "Redshanks" or Scots of Antrim, took prisoner James M'Connell and his brother Sorleboy, the former wounded unto death; and when he despoiled Connaught of 4,000 oxen, it was felt by Elizabeth and her ministers that a strong hand was needed to check and crush this unresting and audacious Celt. For this difficult task they chose a capable man, then President of Wales—Sir Henry Sidney, brother-in-law of Leicester, and father of the brilliant young soldier who wrote *Arcadia*.

Sir Henry Sidney made Viceroy.

Though Sir Henry undertook the government of Ireland unwillingly, he soon braced himself in the right spirit to his arduous work. "*He* would twine no ropes of sand and sea-slime, to bind the Irish rebels with." He demanded from the Queen men and money as essential to the work which he had undertaken. "Let us," wrote he, "break the sword of the subject, and exercise the sword of the sovereign, till the soldier, now waging incessant war, turn into a farmer, and the money that now goes to buy armour and horses shall be spent on building houses and towns. Then

mines can be worked, and the fish can be caught, which are now netted only by the French and the Spaniards." Evidently, as events proved, a clear-eyed, resolute man, this Sidney!—totally unlike shilly-shally Sussex, with his plots of murder and his Easter prayers.

When in January, 1566, Sidney arrived at Dublin after weeks of destructive storm, he surveyed with dismay the regions that he had come to govern. The English Pale swarmed with beggar-soldiers and Irish loafers, there being among them scarcely two gentlemen able to lend £20. Munster lay desolate, owing to the feuds of Ormond and Desmond. Connaught, under Clanricarde, trembled, uncertain of the day when disaster should descend: and Ulster groaned under the iron rule of Shane—that "Lucifer of the North, but at present the only strong and rich man in Ireland."

State of Ireland. 1566 A.D.

Sidney chose as his ambassador to Shane a man whom the Celtic chief had long known and liked—a bird indeed of his own feather—one Sir Thomas Stukely, who in a barque of 400 tons was wont to rove the sea from Kinsale in search of Spanish ships to plunder.

Many a cask of Cadiz sherry had found its way from the hold of Stukely's pirate-ship to Shane's cellar. To this envoy Shane now spoke boldly out. "My ancestors were Kings of Ulster; and Ulster is mine and shall be mine. O'Donnell shall never come into his country, nor Bagenal into Newry, nor Kildare into Dundrum or Lecale. They are now mine. With this sword I won them; and with this sword I will keep them."

Shane's reply to Stukely.

When Sidney heard of Shane's reply, he saw the danger of delay, and wrote urgently to Leicester, pleading for fresh soldiers, and money to pay them. "Surely," said he, "if the Queen do not chastise him in Ulster, he will chase all hers out of Ireland. Her Majesty must make up her mind to the expense, and chastise this *cannibal*." Slowly, slowly, for Elizabeth hated to spend money, the strings of the English purse-royal were untied. In spite of malicious whispers from Sussex, the Queen trusted firmly to Sidney's loyalty, though, womanlike, she scarcely seemed to give him credit for what he had achieved.

Urgency of Sidney.

The summer of 1566 had all but worn away, when Colonel Edward Randolph, with 1,000 men, sailed into the Foyle, and fortified the ruined shrine of St. Columba on Derry Hill to be a central point of wasting war and checkmate to Shane. Lord Deputy Sidney, with an army of willing soldiers rejoicing in the payment of long-due arrears, and accompanied by Kildare, O'Donnell, MacGuire, and O'Dogherty—the last three being victims of Shane's marauding—passed from Drogheda to Armagh—to Clogher—to Omagh—to Lifford—to Derry, where he united his forces with those of Randolph.

Northward march of Sidney. 1566 A.D.

Meantime Shane had not been idle. Striving to bind Argyle and the Scots closer to his cause, he proposed—wonderful in his matrimonial resources—yet another marriage. The poor faithful "Countess" was to be dismissed, to make room for a new Mistress O'Neill—Argyle's step-sister and therefore her own—widow of the James M'Connell who had been slain by Shane, and whose daughter had been an earlier, but was now a divorced, wife of redoubtable Blue-

Wild efforts of Shane.

beard. Shane also wrote to ask help to the extent of 6,000 men from Charles IX. of France; but the letter went astray, and the soldiers never came.

Result of Sidney's march.

Having left Colonel Randolph planted firmly on Derry Hill with 1,000 men, Lord Deputy Sidney swept in a semicircle to the west over river, moor, and hill. At Donegal he restored Callogh O'Donnell to the central fortress of that clan. Passing by Ballyshannon and Sligo, he harried Roscommon, swam the Shannon at Athlone, and so returned to Dublin with his force all but intact, and in the best of health. This vigorous and successful expedition cheered the hearts of those Irish who were faithful to the Queen, and struck terror into all her enemies. Quick-witted Shane saw that he had now, in Sidney, a man of resolve and energy to cope with.

Fate of Derry.

Almost from the beginning disaster had beset the little garrison at Derry. Though scantily supplied with clothing and tools, they worked with good will, feasting on the cattle which their skirmishers provided. On November 12th, 1566, they

inflicted a sharp defeat on Shane, who lost 400 of his picked warriors in the conflict; but the victory cost Randolph's life. Struck with a bullet, he fell dead from his horse. A little later, the Derry garrison, short of food and clothes, fell sick of a strange plague, that rose, they said, from the graves over which their forts were erected; and still later, a fire and an explosion of gunpowder charred and scattered the fragments of this infant colony, almost extinguishing the existence of a town, which was destined, little more than a hundred years later, to attract the eyes of all the world by noble endurance and defence.

Shane's star had now set. The defeat near Derry seemed only a prelude to a shower of blows that descended on his luckless head. Shane in straits. Sidney, ever active, advanced from the south, burning and slaying north of Dundalk. Allaster M'Connell, with the Antrim Scots, crossed the Bann to lay waste the eastern fields of Tyrone; while O'Donnell of Donegal, though sick nigh unto death, rode into western Tyrone with an avenging force. In vain Shane cried for help to the Pope and

the French Cardinals. No resource was left but the chance of one wild fight, and then——

Last fight at Gaviston.

This last fight came off on a field—now unknown—called Gaviston, somewhere west of the Foyle between Londonderry and Strabane. With 3,000 men Shane faced the O'Donnells, who were in smaller force; but the latter, knowing that Sidney came behind them, attacked with such vigour that the O'Neills, dispirited and disunited, broke and fled.

Shane's refuge at Red Bay.

Shane rode from this field to his doom. Taking from his fortress on Lough Neagh the captive Sorleboy and the "Countess of Argyle," with these he cast himself on the mercy of the M'Connells, then encamped in Glenariff, near Red Bay, on the Antrim coast. About fifty men attended him, one of whom, his secretary Neil M'Kevin, had suggested this place of refuge. In all Ulster there was no spot more dangerous to Shane than this camp of the M'Connells. He had slain their leaders, disgraced their wives and daughters, and now, on a fatal Saturday, the Nemesis

of his race led him to his doom in that place. Sunday passed in peace; but on Monday evening Gillespie M'Connell, nephew of Allaster, on fire with drink, asked M'Kevin if it was he who had spread the false report of Shane's new marriage. M'Kevin retorted, "If your aunt were Queen of Scotland, she might be proud to mate with the O'Neill."

June 2, 1567 A.D.

"It's a lie," yelled M'Connell; "my aunt is too honest a woman to marry her husband's murderer."

Up sprang Shane, mad with wine. Gillespie at once shouted the war-cry of the Scots; and the chief, encircled by a hostile crowd, fought wildly, till he fell dead pierced with Scottish dirks. Of his small guard but few escaped. Wrapped in a ragged shirt, the chieftain's body was buried at Glenarm; but his head went to Dublin to blacken on the gate of the Castle there.

Ignoble death of Shane.

Thus ignobly perished Shane O'Neill—rough, fierce, lawless, often brutal—last of the great Celtic chiefs of Ireland who upheld a position akin to monarchy. Though stained

with lust and drink, after the then fashion of his race, he stands strongly out on the page of Irish history as a potent and masterful figure in the stirring days of Queen Bess.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE REBEL DESMOND.

From 1564 A.D. *to* 1583 A.D.

The Desmond Line—Notable Desmond Geraldines—Battle of Affane—Desmond in London—His Escape from Dublin—Career of James Fitz-maurice—Proposed Plantation of Munster—League of Irish Chiefs—A Crisis—Sir Humphrey Gilbert at Kilmallock—Sir John Perrott in Munster—Return of Sidney as Viceroy—Grace O'Malley—The Trio of Intrigue—Thomas Stukely—Nicholas Sanders—Death of Stukely—Spaniards at Smerwick Fort—Murder of Davell and Carter—Death of Fitz-maurice—Desmond in Open Rebellion—Ormond in the Field—A Sordid Life—A Second Descent on Smerwick—Siege of Smerwick—Massacre of Six Hundred Men—Earl Desmond on the Hills—Fidelity of the Geraldines—Death of Earl Desmond—Eleven Years of so-called Peace.

IN an earlier chapter we followed the fortunes of the Great Earl of Kildare and other Geraldines of the elder branch. We have now to trace the career of a hapless Geraldine, representing the younger and

southern stock, who, in the days of Queen Elizabeth, fought a wild, disastrous fight in the cause of the ancient Catholic faith.

The Desmond line.

Maurice Fitz-gerald, the associate of Strongbow, had five sons. The Kildares descended from Gerald the eldest; from Thomas the third son sprang the Desmonds; and of these Gerald or Gerot (as he signed himself), the fifteenth Earl, forms the subject of this sketch.

Notable Geraldines.

Of Gerald's ancestors three were notable. (1) *Thomas an Apa*, or Thomas of the *Ape*, fifth in descent from Strongbow's Maurice, gave a crest to the family. According to a legend, a pet ape snatched him from the cradle at Tralee monastery, and carried him to the roof; and while the breathless spectators gazed up, waiting for the child to fall at their feet, the ape carried him softly down. (2) In 1329, Maurice Fitz-Thomas, who had raised the Geraldine battle-cry *Shanet-aboo* in the Scotch war against Bruce, received the earldom of Desmond. (3) James, father of the "Rebel Desmond" and known in history as the "Traitor Earl," made a proposal to secure

all Ireland for the Catholic faith, if the Pope would make him Viceroy, and supply him with an army of 20,000 Spaniards. Their support, he naively informed his Holiness, would cost nothing, as it could be defrayed out of the ransoms of the English prisoners whom they might seize.

The Geraldine septs chose Gerald, fifteenth Earl, to be their leader, in preference to his elder half-brother Thomas. In those wild days a Desmond *must* fight a Butler; and so it came to pass, after a battle at Affane on the Blackwater, that Gerald, wounded and captive, was borne from the field in a litter by the triumphant Butlers. When a passing *kern* mocked him by shouting—"Ah! where is proud Desmond now?" the Earl with unbroken spirit retorted, "Where he should be—with his feet on the neck of the Butlers."

Battle at Affane. 1564 A.D.

In this conflict with the Butlers Gerald suffered continuous defeat. Naturally favouring the ever-loyal house of Ormond, the Queen insisted that Lord Deputy Sir Henry Sidney should bring this intractable Desmond to trial. Sidney, accord-

Desmond in London. 1568 A.D.

ingly, seized the Earl at Kilmallock, and sent him to London; and there, after attempting to escape, he was forced to yield to the Queen every stone of his castles and every acre of his land. For nearly six years Desmond dwelt in London. Then, under a promise that he would aid in promoting the Reformation and suppressing the Papal authority in Ireland, he received permission to return to his native Munster (1573). When at Dublin new and stringent conditions were imposed on him, he found an opportunity of escape while hunting at Grangegorman, and re-entered Munster with the triumph of a victorious prince, restored to his own, and welcomed on all sides, as the adored head of the Southern Geraldines—above all, as the man destined to restore the ancient faith, and sweep the English heretics from the land. Both Earl and Countess won the ardent Irish heart by wearing nothing but the Irish dress.

Desmond escapes from Dublin.

How had Munster fared meanwhile, during these years of the Earl's absence?

When Desmond went to London, his cousin,

Career of James Fitz-maurice.

James Fitz-maurice, a man trained and hardened in many schools of Continental war and policy, took his place as leader of the Southern Geraldines, and champion of the Catholic faith.

An occasion soon arose, which for the nonce obliged the Munster chiefs to sink their feuds and unite their strength in order to defend both lands and life. Twenty-seven well-born Englishmen of Somerset and Devon, kindled with that fire of restless enterprise which made the Elizabethan period a time of achievement by land and sea, had craved permission of the Queen to "plant" Munster, and make it a loyal and prosperous province. This, of course, implied much "killing"; but, to men who had shed savage blood in many lands, this seemed only a new and exciting form of sport. The idea of these would-be planters was that they might sweep the counties of Cork and Kerry clear of all powerful and dangerous chiefs, and, fortifying themselves securely between the Shannon and the Cove of Cork, might hold the harbours with their ships, while they showed a bold front

Proposed plantation of Munster.

inland on the short line from Limerick to the Lee.

Though this proposed expedition fell through, a few of the twenty-seven, notably a St. Leger and Peter Carew, armed with ancient title-deeds of Anglo-Irish families that had been expelled by the Irish at an earlier date, seized by force both land and castles in the counties of Cork and Kilkenny. This was like throwing a spark into gunpowder. A league of Irish chiefs was formed at once, headed by James Fitz-maurice and MacCarthy More. The great Catholic power of Spain, rival of Protestant England, must be appealed to; and accordingly the Archbishop of Cashel carried a letter to the Pope, which, however, that potentate received with discouraging coldness.

League of Irish chiefs.

Pending this move, the impetuous Fitz-maurice seized some brass cannons on board of an English ship at Kinsale, and with these he swept down on the new English settlers, killing all who awaited the brunt of his attack. At Kilmallock and at Cork he demanded an immediate return to the service of the Church

of Rome, and the swift "abolition of all Huguenot heretics."

At this crisis, the loyalty even of the Protestant Butlers seemed to be shaken, for A crisis. 1569 A.D. Sir Peter Carew had seized land belonging to two brothers of Lord Ormond, Sir Edward and Sir Edmund Butler; and around this raged a fierce conflict, with massacre and rapine on both sides. If at this crisis the ships of Spain had come to Ireland, O'Neills, Kildare, and Clanricardes would have joined the South, and the whole island, from Kerry to Antrim, would have burst at once into a blaze of rebellion.

Sidney, then Lord Deputy, at once made one of his rapid and merciless marches through the South and West, "killing" with so much vigour that Fitz-maurice retreated before him from Cork into Kerry. When Sidney returned to Dublin, he left Sir Humphrey Gilbert at Kilmallock to trample out the embers of the expiring rebellion. This Gilbert did with terrific and signal effect, hunting Fitz-maurice (as Sidney says in a letter to Cecil) till he "became just a bush-beggar, with scarce

Sir Humphrey Gilbert at Kilmallock.

twenty knaves to follow him." And yet, when Gilbert left Kilmallock, the bush-beggar came down triumphantly from his mountain lair, and once more asserted his authority as the Geraldine in room of Desmond, who was still detained in England.

When in 1571 Sir John Perrott became President of Munster, this same Fitz-maurice led him a dance "thorough brake and thorough briar" over all the province. Nay more! the irrepressible Geraldine went northward to Ulster, and secured the alliance of 1,500 Scots, with whom he came rapidly down the Shannon. There was terror in Dublin when he burnt Athlone; but he did not turn aside to plunder the capital. However, Perrott faced the danger on the shore of Lough Derg, where he defeated the Scots; and soon afterwards he enjoyed the satisfaction of seeing Fitz-maurice humbled at Kilmallock, kissing not only the sword of his victor, but even the very clay he walked on.

Sir John Perrott arrives in Munster.

1572 A.D.

In the winter of 1575, Sir Henry Sidney, after an interval of absence in England, landed at Drogheda to resume the thank-

less charge of governing Ireland. With him came his brilliant son Philip, the "mirror of chivalry." No living Englishman of his day understood the Irish people better than did Sir Henry Sidney. The clans of the North repaid his policy with a rough but genuine respect; but the trouble now lay in the South of the land.

Return of Sidney as Viceroy.

The Deputy, who never lost time in his movements, was received with enthusiasm in Munster by the leading nobles. Three earls—Desmond, Thomond, and Clancarty—attended him during a triumphal but destructive progress, which passed through Cork, Limerick, Galway, and so back to Dublin.

A singular visitor welcomed him with offers of service at Galway—a tall, dark Connaught-woman, named Grace or Grania O'Malley, who, following her father's calling as pirate or buccaneer, kept three galleys manned by 200 hands at Clare Island, and lived in a strong castle at Carrigahowley on Newport Bay. Hugh O'Flaherty of Bunowen had been her first husband; with her second, Richard Burke of Mayo, chief of his clan, she now came to pay

Grace O'Malley. 1576 A.D.

her respects to the dreaded English Deputy. At a later date, captured by Desmond, she spent more than a year in the neighbourhood of Limerick, pining in her prison-cell for the salt green sea. It is said that in 1593 she sailed in one of her galleys to visit the great Tudor Queen, from whom she received the pardon of all her offences; and that then she settled down to the quiet routine of a farmer's life. But, if she did not sail in her galleys as of yore, there was a shrewd suspicion afloat that she still, even in old age, shared their ventures and directed their operations.

The Trio of Intrigue.

James Fitz-maurice, whose career we have followed so far as the man who, during Desmond's eclipse, fanned the fire of Geraldine revolt in Munster, was but one of a noted Trio, who at this time played conspicuous parts in the drama of Irish-Spanish-Romish intrigue. His fellow-actors were Thomas Stukely and Nicholas Sanders.

Of Stukely we have already had a glimpse, when Sidney employed him as envoy to Shane O'Neill. After a career, which alter-

nated between the pirate-deck and the prison-cell, this utterly unscrupulous Devonshire buccaneer got the Deputy's leave to fit out a ship at Waterford, with the ostensible purpose of proceeding to London to beg pardon of the Queen. Almost needless to say, that ship never reached London. Landing at Galicia in Spain, the adventurer made his way to Madrid, where King Philip received him with open arms. Riches, knighthood, and other rewards were showered upon him; and, by dint of boasting about his influence and his adherents, he acquired, in the eyes of the Spanish monarch, the reputation of a man destined to rescue Ireland from heresy, and to restore the beautiful wanderer to the bosom of her ancient mother-church.

Thomas Stukely.

Nicholas Sanders, now an elderly priest who had been absent from England for many years, represented the heart and soul of those Catholic English refugees, whose head-quarters lay either at Rome or at Madrid. His book on the English Schism, mainly a tirade against the leaders of the English Reformation, had made him famous among the devotees of his own creed. Association

Nicholas Sanders.

with Fitz-maurice and Stukely filled his soul with a desire to strike such a blow in Ireland as might serve the double end of crippling the power of a great Queen, who cherished the new heresy, and of releasing a gallant and ill-used race from what seemed to him gross spiritual oppression.

Kindled into action by the urgent and continuous talk of this Trio, Pope Gregory XIII. at last sanctioned an expedition to Ireland.

An earlier squadron had sailed from Cape St. Vincent under the daring Stukely; but, when it reached Lisbon, the leader, bribed by a promise of later assistance in Ireland, consented to follow Don Sebastian into Morocco, and there he found a soldier's grave.

Death of Stukely.

The party, led by Fitz-maurice and Sanders, numbering about eighty in all, landed at Dingle in Kerry with consecrated pomp, Sanders as Legate bearing a crucifix, which had been blessed by the Pope. At Smerwick, about four miles off on the open sea-coast, they built a fort on a sandy spit—a position badly

Spaniards at Smerwick Fort. July 17, 1579.

chosen, for it was a mile away from fresh water.

Though the Earl of Desmond at first held aloof from these invaders, with a pretence of loyalty which led him to send a letter of Fitz-maurice to Drury, the new Deputy (Sidney had retired in 1578), yet his brothers, Sir John and Sir James, joined the invading force.

And then occurred two murders, which formed a turning-point in the history of Desmond, and indeed were intended by the murderers to force the Earl into rebellion. The deed stands out prominent in its red treachery, even in these "killing times." Sir John Desmond, determined to do some act which should startle Fitz-maurice into believing in the sincerity of at least one Desmond, broke into a bedroom at Tralee, and with his own hand killed an English officer, named Henry Davell, who had often befriended him, and who had now come among them to sound and, if possible, secure the loyalty of the Desmond clan. At the same time and place his adherents murdered Carter, the Marshal of Munster.

Murder of Davell and Carter.

We have already seen how Stukely—one of the restless Trio—died in Africa. To Fitz-maurice also the end now came. It happened in this wise. The English commander, Sir Nicholas Malby, starting from Athlone, effected a junction with the Connaught sept of the Burkes, one branch of which was represented by Mac William, the second husband of the noted female buccaneer, Grace O'Malley. The united force met Fitz-maurice in the woods by Limerick; and of course a fight ensued. In the *mêlée* Fitz-maurice received a wound in the breast; and, as he reeled, was smitten down by a younger Burke, who paid the forfeit of the deed with his own life. A bad omen for the Catholic cause! The head of Fitz-maurice went to Dublin; and the sacred banner of the Geraldines—rent and ragged—became the spoil of the English victors.

Death of Fitz-maurice.

Although fresh from an interview at Kilmallock with the Lord Deputy, Sir William Drury, to whom he made all sorts of promises and professions, the Earl flung these to the winds, and openly joined the rebels. Soon after this,

Desmond an open rebel.

Drury died at Cork; and his temporary successor, Sir Nicholas Malby, made an attack on Askeaton, a stronghold of Desmond, fifteen miles from Limerick. From the walls the Earl and Sanders could see these English marauders wrecking the sacred places where dead Geraldines reposed.

Desmond responded to this raid by plundering Youghal and filling Cork with terror. It became evident in England that a dangerous crisis had arisen. At length the Queen granted troops and money. The command of the expedition against the rebel Earl was given to Ormond, his hereditary foe. The slogan of *Butler-aboo* was to ring through Munster. It seemed for a time as if the blaze of insurrection might spread to the O'Neills of Ulster, and kindle the Leinster Geraldines too.

Ormond in the field.

Ormond and Pelham then assailed Desmond's castle at Carrigafoyle, in which the relics of the Italo-Spanish force had taken refuge. This fortress, rising sheer ninety feet from a rock beaten by the Atlantic waves, was battered into heaps of

1580 A.D.

ruin, over which the English soldiery rushed to conquest and slaughter. A little later, Sir James of Desmond, the Earl's brother, falling into Ormond's hands, was executed by martial law.

At this time Desmond and his Countess might have secured a pardon—indeed they were offered one—if they would yield up Nicholas Sanders and the murderer of Davell. This they steadily refused to do, still clinging wildly to the hope of aid from Spain; and at last this aid did come—with tragic issue.

A sordid life.

Let not the dignified titles of Earl and Countess mislead us in reading of these times in Ireland. In chronicles of the day, written by Englishmen who lived and fought there, we find that even the nobles of the land, bearing great historic names, passed their days and nights in a sordid fashion. Indeed, an Irish Earl's castle of that time resembled the homestead of a poor English farmer. The whole family, servants and all, herded in one room; and, if the inevitable pig was not there, the cows couched freely on the ground-floor of the

dwelling. ? Such was Askeaton—such was Kilmallock.

The embers of rebellion, apparently flickering to decay, were soon blown into a sudden blaze by startling news. A foreign force, ten times more numerous than the last, had descended on the "Golden Fort" at Smerwick. Eight hundred men, chiefly Italians, had sailed thither from Corunna, passing on the way some English ships under Winter, which had long watched the Shannon and the Kerry coast, but were now on their way home —clogged with weed—the crews starving and fearful of storm.

A second descent on Smerwick. Sept., 1580.

These invaders brought arms for 4,000 men. Ormond, then commanding in Munster, advanced to chastise the audacious foreigners, who had come (as they announced) with a commission from the Pope to root out the new heresy and conquer Ireland for King Philip of Spain, on whom the Pontiff had bestowed the island.

Ormond, however, did not undertake the siege of Smerwick. That task devolved on the new Deputy, Lord Grey of Wilton, who,

having ordered the ships of Winter to return to the Kerry coast, led 800 soldiers straight from Dublin to invest the fort on the land side. When, in a few days, the English ships sailed round the western headland, the invaders were caught as in a trap. Planting their cannon on the shore within short range of the "Fort of Gold"—in truth here a sad misnomer—the English opened a heavy fire, to which the besieged replied with effect, until a round shot shattered the carriage of their largest gun. Then appeared above the wall a dark face and a fluttering white flag. It was a call for truce. Firing stopped on both sides; but, in the parley that followed, Lord Grey sternly refused to make terms with men who, unable to show any commission from the King of Spain, deserved no fate but that of pirates taken red-hand in their crime. Hopeless as the prospect of pardon seemed, the leader of the invading expedition —Don Bastian de San Jose—opened the gate next morning; the Spanish flag was trailed in the dust; the officers were set aside for ransom; and 600 men, piling their arms,

Siege of Smerwick. Nov., 1580.

stood mute and pale, waiting for the word of Fate.

Massacre of six hundred men.

Life or Death? A few hours later, 600 naked corpses were laid in rows upon the sand, much in the same way as a gamekeeper lays out the birds and hares when the sportsmen sit by the well to lunch. As Lord Grey gazed with tears on this piteous sight, there stood near him two men, who in later days gained a purer fame than Irish wars could yield. They were Walter Ralegh and Edmund Spenser.

Earl Desmond on the hills.

There is little more to tell of this Desmond rebellion, which lingered in fitful and futile flashes for a year or two. Worn out by exposure, Doctor Nicholas Sanders died in a bog or a cabin—never betrayed, though Desmond might have easily earned his own safety by surrendering his ally to the English. Let us do justice to the Earl. He clung to his friend, when he had all but no hope for himself; for, from Smerwick he had written a letter to King Philip of Spain, stating that he had not a roof left in Munster to shelter him. Fleeing

with his Countess to the hills, he lived, like David, hunted "as a partridge on the mountains"—even to the death!

Death of Sir John Desmond

The loss of his brother, Sir John, left the Earl almost helpless. Surprised in a mist by Colonel Zouch, this hapless Desmond was hanged at Cork, where his headless body swung from a tower. The head withered on the Castle wall of Dublin, beside the heads of his brother James and his old associate James Fitzmaurice.

Fidelity of the Geraldines.

There is something admirable in the fierce pathetic fidelity with which a mere handful, now left of the Southern Geraldine clan, still clung to their greyhaired fallen chieftain and his Countess, for she still followed his broken fortunes. Four of this Geraldine clan, who betrayed a gleam of wavering in the cause, died by the knives of their own kinsmen. From Aghadoe to Kilmallock—from Kilmallock to the glen of Aherlow in the Galtys, which was his safest and favourite haunt and hiding-place, the hunted Earl passed and repassed during the winter of 1582-3—sleeping by day—prowling

by night after cattle and English soldiers—never letting go his Geraldine pride, which might stoop to a Queen of England, but *never* to a Butler of Kilkenny.

Hopes of succour from three sources filled the soul of Desmond even in this hour of downfall and defeat. The Catholics of the Pale—the O'Neills of the North—King Philip of Spain, any or all of the three, might yet do something to save him. But, as the summer of 1583 slid by, these last hopes died one by one. His wife, too, left him—a sad omen of the end; and the scouts of Ormond, hunting for him in every bush, as for a wolf, gradually drove him into the mountains near Tralee. Donell Moriarty at length tracked him across the russet ferns of October into a hut at Glanquichter. That night, the twinkle of a solitary light on the hillside guided the steps of a dozen silent men to the fatal spot. Surrounding the cabin, they broke open the door, and found inside but one grey, haggard man upon a bed. The rest had run for their lives.

Death of Earl Desmond.

1583 A.D.

"Spare me," he moaned; "I am the Earl

of Desmond;" but the pitiless sword of Moriarty ended all his woes.

His body hung in chains at Cork, beside the bleaching bones of his brother John; the grey head, spiked on London Bridge, added its horror to the ghastly sights of a lounge, which cannot have been either pleasant or wholesome in those "killing days."

Then fell upon unhappy Ireland a stupor of eleven years, which some men called peace!

Eleven years of peace!

So well had Lord Grey done his work (according to a contemporary writer), that Munster now contained nothing for the Queen to reign over but ashes and dead bodies.

CHAPTER IX.

EDMUND SPENSER IN IRELAND.

From 1580 A.D. *to* 1598 A.D.

Spenser at Smerwick—His Early Life—Love and Friendship—*The Shepheard's Calender*—Spenser at Court—Lord Grey of Wilton—Sir Artegall—Spenser's Official Positions—Grant of Kilcolman—Scenery round Kilcolman—Death of Philip Sidney—*The Faerie Queene*—A Talk at Bryskett's—Walter Ralegh at Lismore—His Changeful Life—Ralegh at Kilcolman—A Visit to England—First Three Books of *The Faerie Queene* printed—Spenser's Return to Ireland—His Marriage—Second Instalment of *The Faerie Queene*—*View of the State of Ireland*—Law—Nomadic Life—Dress—Weapons—Degenerate English—Troublesome Classes—Insecurity—The Clergy—The Army—The Viceroys—Spenser's Plan—Ready to rise—Ruin and Death of Spenser—His Last Thoughts.

WHEN Edmund Spenser stood beside Lord Grey at Smerwick, gazing at the "gallant and goodly" dead stretched in rows upon the reddened sand, who shall say what

emotions thrilled his heart? The poet of twenty-eight, who had sprung at one bound into sudden fame, had just exchanged the bright scenery of courtly life for a "salvage soil" reeking with massacre and black with ruin. Little did he dream that, with two brief exceptions, that bright English world of civilised joys and congenial friends was never to be his again.

Spenser at Smerwick.

We have to deal here, not so much with Spenser the poet, as with Spenser the colonist and statesman, who for eighteen years of exile in Ireland wrought at a thankless and fatal task. Let us first note briefly the circumstances of his earlier life.

London he calls his "most kindly nurse." Born there in 1552, he was one of the earliest pupils enrolled at Merchant Taylors' School, then a new foundation. After eight or nine years of school life he entered Pembroke Hall at Cambridge in the capacity of sizar, and took the degree of M.A. in 1576. Between his Cambridge days and his entrance upon court life he spent some time in what were then the wilds of Lanca-

Spenser's early life.

shire, and there he met and loved Rosalind, "the widow's daughter of the glen." Though this girl did not return his passion—

Love and friendship.

"For who can Love compel"—

yet she always dwelt in his mind as a vision from heaven, and inspired some of his tenderest verse.

Spenser's chief college friends were Pembroke men—Gabriel Harvey and Edward Kirke. Of the latter we know almost nothing. Harvey, the Hobbinol of *Colin Clout*, appears from his letters to have been pompous and pedantic. It was probably he who introduced Spenser to the notice of Sir Philip Sidney.

The appearance of *The Shepheard's Calender*, written partly, no doubt, in rustic seclusion, made Spenser famous. Though this Pastoral was nominally printed for E. K., all London soon knew the real author through the thin disguise of *Immerito*, his earlier *nom de plume;* and the "New Poet" then became a lion of fashion. It was perhaps well for his fame that Destiny forced him into lonelier and sterner paths. Had he

The Shepheard's Calender.

lingered at court as a petted laureate, how easily might his lofty verse have degenerated into servile rhymes!

In 1579 we see Spenser at the English court—the friend of Sidney and of Leicester—introduced to that Royal Lady who was to be the Gloriana, the Cynthia, of his verse—not insensible (in spite of the Rosalind affair) to the charms of court beauties, one of whom, playfully called *Rosalindula* and *Colina Clouta* by his classic friend Harvey, seems to have made some impression on the poet's heart. From this golden whirl of gaiety and splendour he went, in the fresh dawn of his fame, to face a new life in a troubled land.

Spenser at court.

For two years after his first arrival in Ireland (1580), Spenser was the close and intimate associate, though in a subordinate capacity, of Baron Arthur Grey of Wilton, then Lord Deputy, to whom he had been recommended as Secretary, and in whose suite he had crossed the sea. Under this unsparing Puritan soldier—an earlier Cromwell almost swifter to smite—the poet, sensitive and gentle

Lord Grey of Wilton.

though he was, served an apprenticeship of blood, and learned the ruthless trade that in those days brought success and profit to English colonists in Ireland.

Philip Sidney and Arthur Grey, unlike though they were, grew in Spenser's fancy to heroic grandeur, and became his idols of chivalry. In the Fifth Book of *The Faerie Queene* the latter rides forth as Sir Artegall, the Knight of Justice, to redress the wrongs of fair Irena, and take vengeance on her chief persecutor, an ugly giant named Grantorto. Nursed in a cave by Astraea, the goddess of Justice, Artegall receives from her a conquering sword, *Chrysaor*, damascened with gold, and, as attendant squire, her own groom, "an Yron Man,"

Sir Artegall.

> "Who in his hand an yron flail did hold,
> With which he thresht out falshood, and did truth unfold."

As the Knight returns victorious from a western land, where he slays Grantorto and saves Irena, his path is beset by two hags named Envy and Detraction, one of whom flings at him a half-chewed snake. Their loud railing arouses the Blatant Beast, the

fierce bray of whose hundred tongues causes the very rocks to quake.

Thus are depicted, in slightly veiled allegory, the Irish career of Lord Grey, and the undeservedly evil reception he got on his return to England after two years of service. Irena, the distressed damsel, is, of course, Ireland, and Grantorto represents the King of Spain.

We find Spenser's own view of his friend's policy crystallised in a single stanza (Book V. xii. 26) :—

"During which time that he did there remayne,
His studie was true Justice how to deale ;
And day and night employed his busie paine
How to reforme that ragged common-weale :
And that same Yron Man, which could reveale
All hidden crimes, through all that Realme he sent
To search out those that used to rob and steale,
Or did rebell gainst lawfull government ;
On whom he did inflict most grievous punishment."

Spenser's official positions.

In addition to his office as Secretary to Lord Grey, Spenser got, in 1581, a lucrative post as Clerk of Decrees and Recognisances in the Irish Court of Chancery. To him were also granted a lease of the abbey and manor of Ennis-

corthy, and some small shares of forfeited property, divided among members of Lord Grey's household. Doubtless, like all the Englishmen around him, the poet, taking a practical view of his position in Ireland, did not disdain to receive what servants of a lower grade call "their chances."

We do not know if Spenser went back to England in 1582, when Lord Grey was recalled. Four years later, he received as a grant 3,028 acres of the forfeited Desmond lands, and undertook to reside at Kilcolman Castle, which was his home for the remaining years of his life.

Grant of Kilcolman. June, 1586.

Though rich in poetic associations, Kilcolman is not now a place of much beauty. The fragments of an ivied keep, with massive broken walls and dark vaulted rooms, stand on a hillock by a lake, two miles north-west of Doneraile in the northern part of County Cork. The Awbeg—Spenser's "Mulla mine"—a tributary of the Blackwater, runs dark with peat near the ruin, in a stream which would be gloomy but for the green alders that still fringe its bank.

Scenery of Kilcolman.

To the north-east hills of red sandstone rise in gradual ascent until they culminate in Galtymore, the Arlo (Aherlow) Hill of *The Faerie Queene.* Dense masses of forest surrounded the castle in Spenser's time.

Before he had quite settled down at Kilcolman, a sudden darkness fell on Spenser's life. Sidney died of a wound received at Zutphen. Astrophel—the knightly lover of Stella—the poet's first and brightest ideal—the Arthur—the Calidore of his great rhyme—was dead; and the poet, like us all, learned again that sad lesson of Life and Death—

Death of Sidney.

> "Deep written in the heart with yron pen,
> That blisse may not abide in state of mortall men."

Spenser's residence at Kilcolman identified him henceforth chiefly with the South of Ireland. In 1588 he became deputy-clerk to the Council of Munster. In truth we have now to realise in the lord of Kilcolman two Spensers (how unlike!)—the one an official "Yron Man," whose days and nights were thronged with the stern realities of Irish revolt and English repression—the other a dreamer, who dwelt apart in Faerie-land,

where Una smiled, where shapes of knightly dignity rode by, and Gloriana witnessed splendid deeds of arms. And so it came to pass that, while the blood of Mary Stuart was staining England's honour, and the smoke from the culverins of a doomed Armada was drifting up the Channel, in that greatest crisis of England's fate—miles away in a lonely Irish peel, amid woods alive with wolves and not less savage men—the greatest poet of his day was tracing heroic stanzas on a page that still reflects the splendid sunset of Chivalry.

The Faerie Queene.

We find the first hints of the great poem (April, 1580) in correspondence with Gabriel Harvey, to whom Spenser had shown some specimen verses, and who made ponderous fun of the "Elvish Queen." At some date after the summer of 1584, a company of Englishmen residing in Ireland, all in high official position, met at a cottage near Dublin, the abode of Ludowick Bryskett, who preceded Spenser as clerk to the Council of Munster. The talk fell on Moral Philosophy as expounded by Plato and Aristotle; and Bryskett, who had

Talk at Bryskett's.

hitherto bashfully refrained from sounding the depths of Spenser's philosophical lore (though he knew him to be perfect in the Greek tongue), asked the poet to tell them what he knew of the benefits that men might derive from such knowledge. Excusing himself for not enlarging on the subject, Spenser replied that he had already well entered into a poem in heroical verse, which, under the title of "A Faerie Queene," assigned to every virtue a knight, who illustrated in his actions the operation of that virtue, and overcame the vices and unruly appetites that oppose themselves to it.

Spenser's types of good and evil, as depicted in the allegory of *The Faerie Queene*, were largely drawn from his memories of that shining world which he had left behind in England; but around him, in the changeful scenes of Irish war, he found many a hero and many a villain. From the Munster soil, wet with English, soaked with Irish blood, grew this wonderful blossom of poetic fancy.

While Spenser was completing the first three books of *The Faerie Queene* at Kilcolman, he became the intimate friend of a

neighbouring seignior, whom he had known before, but who was now destined to be the third great influence of his life. Sidney, the idol of his young muse, was dead; Grey, the patron of his Irish fortunes, had passed from Irish scenes; but in 1589 Walter Ralegh (now under a cloud at court after seven years of royal favour) came to live at the castle of Lismore and the manor-house at Youghal, in connection with which he had received, as an Undertaker, 44,000 acres of land in the counties of Waterford and Cork.

1589.

Ralegh at Lismore.

Ralegh and Spenser were of the same age—now thirty-seven. But the former, a keen and dauntless spirit, brimful of the unrest that made the Elizabethan age so remarkable, had seen much more of varied life than his poet-friend had witnessed. Soldiering in France and the Netherlands—buffeted by Atlantic storms—chasing the Spaniards in the great Ark that bore his own name—shining by the Queen's side at masque and revel—filibustering to Lisbon and elsewhere, he had lived a life of splendour, change, and peril; and now at Lismore he

Ralegh's changeful life.

had found for a time a place of rest and seclusion. He had a practical reason, too, for coming to look after his Irish property and its necessary lawsuits, for he directed a great wine-business in connection with a monopoly conferred on him by the Queen, and he had decided to turn some of his Irish trees into wine-casks.

Such was Spenser's nearest neighbour, and naturally they became close friends. It is possible that the sailor taught his poet-friend to smoke tobacco, and gave him some tubers of the new American herb to plant in the kailyard of Kilcolman. At Spenser's Ralegh saw, heard, and was charmed with *The Faerie Queene*:—

Ralegh at Kilcolman.

"One day (quoth he) I sat (as was my trade)
Under the foote of Mole, that mountaine hore,
Keeping my sheepe amongst the cooly shade
Of the greene alders by the Mulla's shore:
There a straunge shepheard chaunst to find me out,
Whether allured with my pipes delight,
Whose pleasing sound yshrilled far about,
Or thither led by chaunce, I know not right:
Whom when I asked from what place he came,
And how he hight, himselfe he did ycleepe
The Shepheard of the Ocean by name,
And said he came far from the main-sea deepe.

He, sitting me beside in that same shade,
Provoked me to plaie some pleasant fit;
And, when he heard the musicke which I made,
He found himselfe full greatly pleased at it."

Thus modestly, in the pastoral called *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*, does Spenser describe his meeting with Ralegh. In other lines of the same poem he tells the result of their talk:—

He gan to cast great lyking to my lore,
And great disliking to my luckelesse lot,
That banisht had myselfe, like wight forlore,
Into that waste, where I was quite forgot.
The which to leave, thenceforth he counseld mee,
Unmeet for man, in whom was ought regardfull,
And wend with him, his Cynthia to see;
Whose grace was great, and bounty most rewardfull.'

And so they went to England together—Colin Clout and the Shepheard of the Ocean—bearing over a stormy sea the precious manuscript, until they came to Cynthia's land—Cynthia, who shines in Spenser's verse as wearing—

Visit to England.

"A crowne of lillies
Upon a virgin bryde's adorned head,
With roses dight and goolds and daffadillies."

How soon had our poet learned the trick of flattering vain old Eliza!

Introduced for the second time to the notice of the great Queen, who appears to have greeted Ralegh with pleasure (perhaps he was now a novelty), Spenser became again the poetic fashion. The Queen often sent for him to read aloud portions of the poem, in which she glittered as Gloriana and Belphoebe: and soon the first three books of *The Faerie Queene* were given to the world. Just ten years before, *The Shepheard's Calender* had taken the town by storm.

Three books of *The Faerie Queene* published, 1590.

Elizabeth recognised the genius of her great subject by granting him a pension of £50 a-year; some writers have therefore called him the Laureate: but, as his fame increased, his hopes of some preferment, that would restore him to the higher world of London life, grew dim; and, after a visit prolonged to a year and a half, he went back to his Irish acres, a disappointed man. In the latter part of the pastoral *Colin Clout* (written after his return to Kilcolman in 1591, but not published until 1595), we have a poetic record of his disenchantment and his flight.

Return to Ireland.

And now a gleam of brightness comes upon his life.

"Ye three Elizabeths! for ever live." *(Sonnet 74.)*

Who were these? The Mother—the Queen—the Wife of the poet. At last his heart, so tenderly true to Rosalind, was healed: and on Midsummer day, 1594, at Cork he married an Irish "country lass," whom some call a merchant's daughter, and who (as his Sonnets show) had not been too easily won. We do not know her maiden name; but her sapphire eyes and golden tresses, her cheeks of rose and ivory brow, "the inward beauty of her lively spright," are sung in the sweet and ardent verses of that glorious Marriage Lay, which formed the poet's wedding gift to his beautiful young Irish wife.

Spenser's marriage.

Before the happy event of this wedding took place, the second three books of *The Faerie Queene*, in which Friendship, Justice, and Courtesy are typified, had been completed at Kilcolman. Not long after his marriage, Spenser paid another but shorter visit to London. In making this visit, of which we have scarcely any details, he seems

to have had a twofold purpose: first, to publish the second instalment of *The Faerie Queene*, and, second, to present to the Queen and her chief advisers a political treatise, which embodied his own experiences of Ireland and the Irish. The third, fourth, and fifth books of *The Faerie Queene* were printed in 1596, in conjunction with a second edition of the first three. These six books made up half of the work, as originally planned; and we have nothing more, except 116 stanzas on *Mutability*, which form a fragment of a seventh book, entitled *The Legend of Constancy*.

Second instalment of *The Faerie Queene*, 1596.

It is impossible to separate the inspiration of this great poem from Irish scenery and Irish life. Ireland, dowered with a gift of beauty too seldom associated with happiness, was to a large extent the studio of this artist, who found in the rivers, rocks, and woods around Kilcolman abundant material for his creative pen.

In his *View of the State of Ireland*, Spenser the colonist put his thoughts on Ireland and the Irish into the form of a dialogue between Eudoxus and Irenaeus. The germ of the

somewhat ghastly joke, ascribed to a modern statesman—that the only cure for Ireland would be to sink the island in the sea for a day—occurs in the opening words of this treatise, when Eudoxus says he has often heard it wished by men of wisdom that all that land were a sea-pool.

State of Ireland.

The troubles of the Government arose not only from the wild Irish, but also from the degenerate English—descendants of the Strongbow conquest—who, by marrying Irish women, and adopting the Irish language and dress, had assimilated to the native race. The Irish still clung to the Brehon law; and, by quirks, evasions, sly shifts, and shameless perjury, reduced the English system of trial by jury to a hopeless sham.

In summer the Irish lived in *boolies* (booths) on the hills, driving their cattle from one grassy spot to another—a nomadic life, which reminded Spenser of the Scythians. Indeed, he traced the Scots, or original Irish, to a Scythian source; and ridiculed the story of a Spanish descent, ascribing it entirely to Irish vanity.

Nomadic life.

The characteristic garments of the Irish

were the saffron smock or blouse, dyed yellow apparently to save washing, and a long mantle, "that weed, a fit house for an outlaw, a meet bed for a rebel, and an apt cloak for a thief." Under this the *kern* hid his plunder and his long knife *(sgian)*; with this, in passing through a town, he hooded his face, completing the disguise by pulling over his eyes the matted *glibbe* of long hair that fringed his forehead.

Fighting was then so much a daily occupation in Ireland that, even in the towns, many wore always the jacket of quilted leather, over which a breastplate could be quickly buckled. The *Gallo-glas*, in a frock of mail descending to his calf, bore a broad battle-axe; the *Kern*, his hard skull thatched with matted hair, had no armour, shot little arrows with thin steel points from a loosely strung bow, and carried a shield of wicker-work. An Irish army marched "in heaps," clashing their swords, and rushed to battle, yelling *Hububoo!* In the North, alliance in war was cemented by drinking blood together. The Irish swore upon the sword, and prayed to it; and muttered cabal-

Weapons.

istic words when they lighted a fire or a candle.

While "reasonable civility" existed within the Pale, outside of that border-line there was none. Of the old English seigniors the Geraldines and the Butlers were the most formidable. Some of the degenerate English had even changed their names—the Fitz-ursulas were now MacMahons, and the Veres had become MacSwines.

Degenerate English.

A motley crew hung round every Irish castle, or went roaming through the land. The *Bards*, always powerful to excite admiration or scorn, glorified rebellion in their songs, and were rewarded with a stolen cow or its equivalent of forty crowns. The *Horse-boy*, graduating in impudence and vice, developed into a *kern*, fitted for all the evil deeds of savage warfare. The *Carrows*, with their cards and dice, and the *Monashules*, or vagrant women, went round the country corrupting the younger sons. The *Jesters* carried news and gossip to a restless and inquisitive race. And, if a landlord or farmer offended such wanderers

Troublesome classes.

in any way, their simple revenge was "to make his cows and *garrons* (horses) walk." Little wonder that Spenser suggested, for such troubles of the land, "the short riddance of a marshal," *i.e.*, the gallows and the rope.

The Irish people were accustomed to assemble in armed crowds upon a rath or hill, to discuss their grievances or chances of reprisal: and, if an unarmed Englishman happened to wander near them, he somehow died. Travelling alone was notoriously unsafe. There were no inns—few roads or bridges—no fences for the land. The holding of farms at will, without lease, kept the relations between landlord and tenant in a fluid unsettled state.

Insecurity.

But Spenser did not ascribe all the troubles of Ireland to the Irish or the degenerate English. He boldly and impartially laid bare the corruptions that sapped the power of the Government, and delayed reformation in Ireland. As a Puritan, he of course thought that the preponderance of Catholicism in what he called "this wretched realm" impeded civilisation; but he clearly asserted

that, with the exception of some grave fathers in high places, and some lately planted in "the New College" (Trinity), the clergy of the Protestant Church in the island were, for the most part, men of evil and disordered lives.

The clergy.

In the English army, too, there was flagrant corruption. In many a company the captain drew pay for men long deserted or dead. The common soldiers, who, when not in camp, were billeted on the people of the villages, besides exacting inordinate quantities of meat and whiskey, demanded money, which was laid in fear and trembling beside their plates. Wars were needlessly prolonged by officers, whose pay would cease at the close of the strife.

The army.

Nor were the Viceroys spared in this trenchant treatise. An English Viceroy, succeeding one of the great lords of Ireland, at once reversed the policy and undid the work of his predecessor. An Irish Viceroy, succeeding an Englishman, naturally followed suit. Under a Geraldine Viceroy the white rose flourished exceedingly; under a Butler no flower but the red rose

The Viceroys.

found favour at the viceregal court. Amid these ceaseless changes the unhappy island could get no time to settle and grow prosperous.

As a remedy for some of these crying evils Spenser propounded, in minute detail, a military scheme of conquest and repression, not unworthy of the Yron Man, and deserving, even more than Strafford's plan of a later date, the significant name of "Thorough."

Spenser's plan.

The rope and the sword were to be the two instruments of reformation. With 10,000 troops, planted in scattered garrisons at places of military strength, each supported by a tax levied on its own district, he undertook, by falling on the Irish in winter, and "tennising" them from place to place, to reduce the island to submission in a year and a-half.

In this treatise on the *State of Ireland*, Spenser said that the Irish had already in secret received a watchword of rebellion, and were only waiting for a suitable time to rise. It was too true. Tyrone's victory at Yellowford in August, 1598, set the whole land in a flame. Spenser, who had been nominated

Sheriff of Cork, became a marked man dwelling in a house of doom, for Kilcolman had belonged to the Desmonds; and there was a new Earl of Desmond, the Earl of Straw.*

Ready to rise.

From Aherlow Hill—that visible and familiar summit, on which Spenser's fancy had assembled the ancient gods—

> "Being of old the best and fairest hill
> That was in all this holy island's hights"—

from this Irish Olympus there burst a torrent of blazing rebellion, which, surging round Kilcolman, reduced the keep to blackened ruin. A baby-child of Spenser perished in the flames. With a broken heart he crossed the winter sea to London, carrying despatches from Lord President Norreys, which told the fatal news.

Ruin and death of Spenser. October, 1598.

A month later (January, 1599) Edmund Spenser died at an inn in King Street, Westminster—"for lack of bread," Ben Jonson said to Drummond of Hawthornden. But this statement is scarcely probable, for Lord Essex sent the dying poet, whom he loved, a

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* See page 211.

purse of money, and laid his remains with due rite and ceremony in the great Abbey beside the dust of Chaucer.

Spenser's last thoughts as a poet dealt, strangely enough, with Mutability, "the ever-whirling wheel of change." They form a prophetic prelude to the tragedy of Kilcolman. But in his latest written words we find the light of Christian faith playing with hopeful ray over the ruin of this great life, broken like the pillar on a grave :—

> "For all that moveth doth in change delight ;
> But thenceforth all shall rest eternally
> With Him that is the God of Sabaoth hight :
> Oh ! that great Sabaoth God, grant me that Sabbath's sight."

These last words of the unfinished *Faerie Queene* contain, perhaps, the poet's latest written prayer.

CHAPTER X.

HUGH O'NEILL, EARL OF TYRONE.

Submitted 1603 A.D.—*Died* 1616 A.D.

Hugh O'Neill trained in England—Personal Qualities—His Visit to Elizabeth—Drilling Fifty Horse—Wrecked Spaniards—Hugh ne Gavelocke—Hugh Roe O'Donnell—Diplomacy of Hugh O'Neill—War in the air—War begins—English defeated at Clontibret—Spain and Ireland—Parley at Dundalk—Battle at Yellowford—Nature of an Irish Force—Arrival of Essex—Failure of Essex—*Sugaun* Earl of Desmond—Lord Mountjoy and Sir George Carew—Fate of the *Sugaun* Earl—Tactics of Mountjoy—De Aguila lands at Kinsale—Importance of the Siege—Kinsale invested by the Lord Deputy—Rincorran Castle taken—O'Donnell's March of Relief—Besiegers reinforced — Kinsale summoned — More Spaniards arrive — Irish Castles yielded to the Spaniards—Tyrone's Army approaches—Battle of Kinsale — Defeat of Tyrone — Surrender of the Spaniards—A Spanish Ship turns homeward—Castle of Dunboy—Retaken by O'Sullivan—Carew leaves Cork—English Forces land at Beare—The First Brush—a Battery planted—Bombardment of Dun-

boy—The Breach stormed—A Fight in the Cellar—Flight of O'Sullivan Beare—Hugh O'Neill in trouble—His Submission at Mellifont—Death of Queen Elizabeth—The two Chiefs in London—A Dropped Letter — Flight of the Earls — Death of Hugh O'Neill—Ulster Planted.

MATTHEW, Baron of Dungannon, who was murdered by Shane, left a second son, called Hugh O'Neill. Brought to England by Sir Henry Sidney, and educated at a brilliant Protestant court where men like Leicester shone, this Irish youth entered on life with unwonted chances of distinction. In the service of England, he commanded a troop, and enjoyed a liberal allowance of pay. At Smerwick, in 1580, he saw the Desmond rebellion crushed.

Hugh O'Neill trained in England.

Small in stature, subtle in mind, hiding under the polish of England a fierce Irish heart and a plotting head, he may be regarded as a second but more dangerous Shane. His full power had not yet developed, for at first he shared Tyrone with Tirlogh O'Neill, Shane's successor, and held only the south-eastern part of the territory.

Personal qualities.

When, in 1587, the Lord Deputy, Sir John

Perrott, lured by Hugh's flattery, sent him across to visit the Queen, he overcame her anger by a well-acted submission, professing his desire to abandon the name of O'Neill and be henceforth a man of English ways. Elizabeth granted him the full title and inheritance of Tyrone, upon the following conditions:—(1) That the limits of Tyrone should be defined; (2) that he should give the Government 240 acres of land beside the Blackwater for the building of a fort; (3) that he should assume no authority over the neighbouring chiefs; (4) that no Catholic priests should be allowed to dwell in his earldom.

His visit to Elizabeth. 1587 A.D.

Thrice at least Hugh gave a promise to abide by these conditions. But all the time war was in his heart, and he let no chance slip of preparing for the day of strife. For example, the Queen gave him leave to drill a troop of fifty horsemen for service against Her Grace's enemies. What did he do? When fifty men had been well drilled, he disbanded them; filled the ranks with fifty raw recruits; drilled these into trained soldiers; and thus, again and

His troop of fifty horse.

again, drafted in new lots to pass in turn under the same discipline, until every kern in the clan O'Neill understood the new mode of battle.

Wrecked Spaniards.

The wreck of seventeen ships of the Spanish Armada on the coast of Ulster flooded Ireland with some thousands of armed Spaniards—an event which revived the ideas for which Shane and Desmond had fought, and set the rebellious Celtic heart beating more wildly than ever.

Hugh ne Gavelocke.

Tyrone did not escape suspicion. Indeed one of the O'Neill clan—Hugh ne Gavelocke, or the "fettered"—laid against him a clear charge of negotiating with these Spanish derelicts. But Hugh O'Neill proved too many for this rival. Asserting that the accusation meant only revenge for the proposed abolition of the name "O'Neill," he arrested and killed Gavelocke, on the plea that he held the Queen's commission to exterminate all traitors to the Crown.

Hugh Roe O'Donnell.

Under the government of Sir John Perrott, young Hugh Roe O'Donnell, son of the chief of Tyrconnel, had been tempted on board of a ship laden with Spanish

wine, and carried off, while drunk, to Dublin. When, after four years, he escaped amid the rigours of winter, the remembrance of his bondage changed him into an implacable foe of the English Government, and his marriage with Tyrone's eldest daughter united against the Deputy the two most powerful chiefs of Ulster.

Diplomacy of Hugh O'Neill.

Hugh O'Neill was a famous hand at one branch of diplomacy—*i.e.*, the art of explaining difficulties away. His alliance with O'Donnell meant—only a desire to keep that hot youth in sweet loyalty. His treatment of Tirlogh O'Neill was—but the much deplored result of that chieftain's breach of law. When Sir Henry Bagnall, Marshal of Leinster, accused him of eloping from Drumcondra with a beautiful sister (these O'Neills were connoisseurs in wives), the Earl replied that the lady had come willingly—nay gladly; and that a divorce had previously set him free from his former wife. But—magnanimous Hugh!—he was quite willing to be friends with Bagnall; and, as a pledge of his loyalty, he offered to make Tyrone a shire, divided into

baronies and governed on the English plan. And, as for loyalty!—who so loyal as he? When Maguire of Fermanagh, infuriated by the spoliations of a sheriff, proposed to kill that official with his offending myrmidons, Hugh kept the peace, saved the threatened lives, and made so fair a report of himself to England that he received abundance of praise, while Lord Deputy Fitzwilliam got a sharp rebuke for harbouring unworthy suspicions against so loyal and devoted a subject.

This loyalty, however, was but a mask, worn for the last time in Dublin, whither he went in 1594 to meet Sir William Russell, the successor of Fitzwilliam. Bagnall, his deadly foe, reiterated against him charge upon charge: O'Neill retorted and explained. But, all the while, war brooded in the air. The ancient Catholic faith was threatened with extinction in Ireland; and Irish chiefs must show a bold front of resistance against the English adventurers, who, like the Danes of old, had begun to land on the island for purposes of conquest and of plunder.

War in the air.

Roe O'Donnell took the field openly against

the English; Hugh O'Neill delayed a while; but soon the allied forces of the Irish, numbering 15,000 kerns and 2,200 horse, prepared to face an English force of 4,040 foot and 657 horse. The ever-loyal Ormond was the chief ally of the Government.

War begins.

Aided by the Maguires and the MacMahons, O'Neill destroyed Portmore, a fort on the Blackwater, and burned the bridge across that stream. Then he besieged Monaghan. The two Norrises—Sir John and Sir Thomas—moved with 2,000 men to supply food to Armagh. They relieved Monaghan, but suffered a signal defeat at Clontibret; and, both being wounded, they retreated with the loss of 600 men.

1594 A.D.

English defeated at Clontibret.

Thus was the die cast. Hugh O'Neill—the mask of pretended loyalty flung away—was now proclaimed traitor—bastard—enemy of England; and he assumed with defiant pride the title of "The O'Neill."

The rebellious Irish, as was natural, looked to Spain for help in this emergency. And Spain, smarting sorely from the Armada

disaster, was nothing loath to strike at England through this troubled outpost of the realm. The bait looked tempting, too, to both King and Pope. For the one, a new kingdom in Ireland; for the other, the restoration of Catholic supremacy in the island. But Spain delayed too long: in vain, for years, malcontent Ireland looked across the southern seas for the sails of a Spanish fleet; and, when these did come, they came too late.

Spain and Ireland.

Early in 1596 there was a parley near Dundalk, where Sir Henry Wallop and Sir Robert Gardner met the two rebel Hughs—O'Neill and O'Donnell. All four rode to the field, wearing only swords. Each army stood in line a quarter of a mile off; and two troops of cavalry—one English, one Irish—were stationed halfway towards the enemy on each side to act as scouts and prevent surprise. Hugh O'Neill boldly demanded the fulfilment of *five* conditions:—(1) Pardon for himself and his men; (2) free religion; (3) £1,000 from Bagnall, as a sister's dowry; (4) no garrisons or sheriffs in Tyrone; (5) the restoration of his

Parley at Dundalk. Jan. 20, 1596.

troop of fifty horse. He, moreover, complained bitterly of Bagnall's persistent malice and slander, especially of the Marshal's practice of intercepting his letters to the Lord Deputy. Though these demands were supported by the rude eloquence of O'Donnell, the conference resulted in no practical issue.

Then came two years of "veiled rebellion." Conferences and letters, all of no avail, kept up the false show. But meantime, in skirmish after skirmish, the Irish were learning to handle the matchlock with greater precision and skill. The last truce expired on June 7th, 1598, and the real war began.

Battle at Yellow-ford.

Marshal Bagnall, with a force of 3,500 foot and 300 horse, making Armagh his centre of operations, attacked O'Neill's camp at Yellowford on the Blackwater. The three Hughs led the Irish army—O'Neill commanding in chief, O'Donnell acting as second general, and Maguire as head of the cavalry. After a fight, which lasted all the morning, the English were utterly defeated. It was a terrible blow to the Government. Bagnall, thirteen officers, and 1,500 men were slain; while flags, arms, ammunition, and

provisions in large quantities fell into the hands of the victors. The Irish lost 800 men. A turn of fortune so unusual excited wild rejoicing from Cork to Antrim. Munster and Connaught flamed up anew, and a mass of Leinster rebels swarmed thick round the outskirts of the Pale.

Nature of an Irish force.

An Irish army (if we can so use the word) meant at this time a scattered mob of clans and septs, all willing, nay eager to fight—acknowledging no leader but their own chief—eating and drinking as fortune willed. When stray stores of war-materials came from Spain, there was a scramble for weapons and powder, which were at once wasted in futile skirmishes. There was scarcely any attempt at combined movements or strategy: every man fought and plundered for his own hand.

Arrival of Essex. April, 1599.

To avenge the disaster at Yellowford, Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, arrived in Ireland in the spring of 1599, armed with the dignity and power of Lord Lieutenant. This captor of Cadiz and darling of a doting Queen came at the age of thirty-two to face a military problem

that had baffled stronger and wiser men. The Irish episode in his brilliant but tragic career served only to hasten on the hour of his doom. Yet he entered on his task in Ireland with all apparent elements of success, commanding an army of 20,000 foot and 2,000 horse—the largest English force mustered on Irish soil since the days of Strongbow.

In opposition to distinct orders, which were to repress O'Neill in the first place, Essex marched southward; and between April and July contrived to lose half his army. An ambush in "the Pass of the Plumes," near Timahoe in Queen's County, cost him many men. Finally, he met O'Neill in conference by a river, into which the impetuous Irishman rode, belly-deep, to greet his noble foe. The truce then made was all in favour of the Irish: the Catholic religion was to be tolerated; all chief officers and judges were to be Irish; half of the army was to be Irish; and O'Neill, O'Donnell, Desmond, and Maguire were to possess in peace their ancestral lands. Stung by the reproaches of a letter from the Queen, who spared him not in her wrath, hot-headed Essex returned to

Failure of Essex.

England, and, outcast from royal favour, entered on the mad career of disloyalty which cost him his life.

A southern ally, bearing the great historic name of Desmond, now joined O'Neill, as he made a progress through Munster. It was James MacThomas, nephew of the dead Earl of Desmond, and known to the folk of Munster as the *Sugaun* Earl (Earl of Straw), because his title came only from O'Neill. The course of this showy meteor was short.

The *Sugaun* Earl of Desmond.

For two men of marked decision and ability stepped upon the scene, prepared to reduce rebellious Ireland for the Queen. These were Charles Blount, Lord Mountjoy, the friend of Sidney and of Essex, who came as Lord Deputy; and Sir George Carew, President of Munster, a man of even greater force, who, twenty-five years earlier, with his brother Peter, had abandoned the apple-trees of Devon for the brown bogs of Ireland—a "landless resolute," bent on winning broad acres with his sword.

Lord Mountjoy and Sir Geo. Carew. Feb. 24, 1600.

The poor *Sugaun* Earl underwent much

the same fate as his luckless uncle. Chased among the hills for months—buoyed up with hopes of aid from Spain, which came too late—sheltered with unwavering fidelity by his clan, yet haunted by constant fears of murder, he lived a life so precarious, that he must have welcomed the hour when the White Knight captured him in a cave of the Galtys (May 29, 1601). The Tower of London received him within its gloomy walls : but his mind soon gave way ; and a merciful blank shut out all memories of Shannon and Suir.

Fate of the *Sugaun* Earl.

The critical struggle was now at hand. Lord Mountjoy, abandoning the earlier tactics of a formal march round the island to burn and to kill, planted garrisons at fixed centres, from which flying columns issued as the need arose. At Benburb (July 16, 1601) the Lord Deputy gained a decided success in a skirmish with the O'Neills.

Tactics of Mountjoy

After years of hope deferred, the Spaniards came in force. But it was too late. The *Sugaun* Earl was in the Tower; and the Desmond enthusiasm had well-nigh burned itself out.

On the 23rd of September, 1601, Don Juan de Aguila anchored in Kinsale Harbour, with more than 40 officers, and a force of 4,000 men. Unable or unwilling to resist the landing, the people of Kinsale allowed the invaders to occupy the town. Indeed, the Sovereign or Mayor of the place went in person, with his white rod of office in his hand, to billet the Spaniards on the townsfolk. A Spanish force seized also the castle of Rincorran, which stood, a quarter of a mile off, on a peninsula between the river Bandon and the open sea.

Sept. 23, 1601. Landing of De Aguila at Kinsale.

The Lord Deputy Mountjoy and Carew the President of Munster were at Kilkenny, when letters came to inform them that Spaniards had landed at Kinsale. Having held a council of war, they sent the Marshal into Leinster to muster the army, and forwarded letters to England, announcing the arrival of the foreign enemy. They then proceeded to Cork (26th September).

How great were the issues that hung on this siege of Kinsale, may be judged from the following words in *Pacata Hibernia*—a work

certainly inspired, if not actually composed, by Sir George Carew :—

"Now are wee come to the siege of Kinsale, a place ordayned wherein the honour and safetie of Queene Elizabeth, the reputation of the English nation, the cause of Religion, and the Crowne of Ireland must bee by Armes disputed. And here the malice of Rome and Spaine (if they had prevailed) would not have ceased, for their purpose did extend it selfe; (Ireland having beene conquered) to make it their bridge to have invaded England, the conquest and ruine whereof was the maine marke, whereat they aimed."

Importance of the Siege.

Having sent skirmishers on to burn the corn and drive away the cattle near Kinsale, the Deputy and the President gradually drew their forces nearer to the town, until they finally entrenched themselves on a hill to the north, called the Spittle (October 26th).

Kinsale invested by the Lord Deputy.

Their first operation was to attack Rincorran Castle, on which three pieces of artillery began to play. Carew, dissatisfied with the shooting, pointed these guns himself; and in

order that the firing might continue through the night, he personally scored out the ground-marks, and took the true level with his quadrant. And this, with musket-balls splintering on the piece with which he worked. Five hundred men from Kinsale, attempting to relieve this castle, were repulsed; and then the drum sounded for a parley. Might they go with their arms into Kinsale? No! A fresh and more furious cannonade began, and lasted until dawn, when the Spaniards gave in, yielded up their arms, and were sent in irons to Cork.

Rincorran Castle taken.

Oct. 31.

News having reached the besiegers of Kinsale that two Irish armies of relief, under O'Donnell and Tyrone, were fast approaching from the north, it was decided in council that Sir George Carew should lead a part of the available troops to intercept the former. The President undertook this difficult task unwillingly, for he knew the impossibility of closing with a light-footed foe, befriended by all the natives of a forest country. He found O'Donnell at Holy Cross, in Tipperary, in a strong fastness of

O'Donnell's march of relief.

bog and wood, but with the mountain of Slieve-phelim before him, impassable owing to recent rains. Just then, however, a keen frost so hardened the ground that the Irish crossed this mountain easily, and outmarched Carew, covering 32 Irish miles in one day. The President then returned to Kinsale (November 25).

Reinforcements had already reached the besiegers. The Earl of Thomond had come from England, with 1,000 foot and 100 horse. Sir Antony Cooke and Patrick Arthur had landed at Waterford with 2,000 foot and some horse; while the Queen's Fleet for Ireland, consisting of ten ships of war, under Admiral Sir Richard Levison, had arrived at Cork with 2,000 foot, "besides cannoniers, carpenters, wheelwrights, and smiths."

Besiegers reinforced.

After the capture of another outlying fortress—Castle ny Parke, which commanded the approach to the harbour of Kinsale—the Lord Deputy sent a trumpeter to the gates, who blew a loud blast, and in the Queen's name demanded the surrender of the town. The answer he got

Kinsale summoned.

was:—"The garrison hold the place first for Christ and next for the King of Spain, and are prepared to hold it *contra tutti inimici*" (November 28).

Although the Queen's army successfully repulsed a sally of 2,000 Spaniards, who attacked the western trenches in the darkness and rain of a December night, matters began to look gloomy for those engaged in this winter siege. Six Spanish ships had just reached Castlehaven, a harbour to the west, and had landed 2,000 men, with a great store of cannons and powder. O'Donnell joined these new-comers at once.

More Spaniards arrive.

Almost all the Munster chiefs, west of a line drawn from Kinsale to Limerick, who had been either protected or pardoned by the Queen, now flung their sham of loyalty to the winds. One O'Driscoll gave up to the Spaniards his fort at Castlehaven; another surrendered the forts at Donneshad and Inisherkin, commanding the entrance to Baltimore; while O'Sullivan Beare admitted the foreign invaders to Dunboy—a strong castle com-

Irish castles yielded to the Spaniards.

manding Beare-haven in Bantry Bay. Aguila placed garrisons in each of these four strongholds. However, all the Spanish ships at Castlehaven, but one, were sunk by Admiral Levison.

Tyrone's army approaches.

The approach of Tyrone's army, which on the 21st of December lay at the distance of a mile and a-half from the town, and had cut off all supplies coming from Cork to the English camp, intensified the difficulties of Mountjoy and Carew. The English forces were dwindling under the rigours of a winter siege; the besiegers were themselves besieged. Tyrone wisely counselled adherence to the policy of Fabius Cunctator; but impetuous O'Donnell, influenced by the urgent messages of Aguila, insisted on an immediate attempt to surprise the English trenches by a sudden assault.

The fate of Ireland now hung on—a bottle of whiskey!

A leading officer in the Irish army, named MacMahon, whose son Brian had once served in England as a page in the household of Carew, sent a boy to Captain Taffe, to beg that the Lord President would send him a

bottle of *aqua vitæ* for the sake of "auld lang syne." On receiving—and no doubt consuming—this gift, MacMahon sent back a grateful message to Carew, with a caution to be under arms towards dawn of the next day, for the English camp would be then assailed by Tyrone's army on the one side, and on the other by the Spaniards, who meant to sally from the town. Accordingly, at moonset, the "regiment volant," under Sir Henry Power, crept out on the western side of the English camp to meet the first onset of the foe. While the Lord Deputy, the Lord President, and the Marshal were holding a council, a scout rode up to say that the rebels were swarming to the west in great force, blowing their matches alight, till the dark hillsides seemed alive with moving glow-worms. Choosing a piece of difficult ground, defended on one side by a morass, and placing cannon so as to command the only path of approach, Mountjoy directed the Marshal to await battle in that place. So sure were the rebels that they could easily effect a junction with Don Juan by forcing the passage of this

Battle of Kinsale.

Dec. 24, 1601.

glen, that they were already disputing whose prisoners the Deputy and the President should be.

Tyrone's object was to cross a ford, "in the boggy glyn," passable only at one place: and, when he found this ford guarded, he retreated in some disorder. Leaving Carew to await the expected attack from the town, Mountjoy, with 300 horse and 1,200 foot, followed the Irish, who rallied behind a bog and a deep ford. A victorious charge of the Marshal and Clanricarde broke one of the three rebel battalions. The Irish were then beaten back from hill to hill with heavy loss; and the confederate Spaniards—a detachment of 300 from Castlehaven—attempting to make a stand, were ridden down and nearly all killed. In this signal rout of the rebel force, at least 1,200 men and 14 captains were killed; the English loss was slight. Clanricarde, shot in the coats, did "bloody" his sword so well that he received knighthood from the Lord Deputy among the dead bodies. The victors, returning to camp, discharged a *feu de joie*, which deceived Don Juan. Thinking that the shots

Defeat of Tyrone.

announced the approach of his allies, he sallied from the town; but the Spanish flags in the hands of the English soon told him the sad tale of defeat.

The Spanish ship at Castlehaven, on receipt of this bad news, at once weighed anchor for Spain, which afforded Hugh Roe O'Donnell and others a speedy means of escape from Ireland. At Simancas, in 1602, death cut short O'Donnell's brief, adventurous career.

O'Neill, wounded and carried in a litter (as some said), struggled northward from the field of disaster, leaving behind him a dismal track of broken weapons, dead horses, and dying men.

After some parleying with the town, the Viceroy, well aware that his troops were worn out with the unusual severity of a winter siege, and that his supplies both of food and powder were running short, allowed Don Juan and the Spanish forces to leave Kinsale, Castlehaven, Baltimore, and Beare-haven, with their flags displayed, their money, munitions, and arms intact. Nay more! Evidently glad to get speedily rid of intruders so formidable, Mountjoy fur-

Surrender of the Spaniards.

nished them with suitable shipping and food, and sent them off "gently," to the number of 3,025, besides captains, priests, and many Irish.

A Spanish sail turned homeward.

Soon after the surrender of Kinsale, a Spanish ship wore round the Old Head towards the harbour; but, when a boat from shore conveyed the latest news, the skipper seized its crew, and made full sail for home. Vigorous preparations to reinforce Aguila had been going on in Spain; and to these the arrival of O'Donnell had given fresh spirit; but the coming of this ship with later news stopped the warlike work, and so saved Ireland from the misery and peril of a renewed struggle.

Castle of Dunboy.

On the shore of Bantry Bay, facing the western end of Beare Island, and commanding the haven of that name, stood a square keep of great height and strength, defended by a stone barbican, sixteen feet high, which was strengthened with a thick bank of turf and timber. At this castle of Dunboy, the last scene of the eventful drama closed in a struggle of more than ordinary ferocity.

O'Sullivan, chief of Beare-haven and Bantry, had gladly welcomed a Spanish garrison into his castle; for, in common with all the southern chiefs of native blood, he looked to Spain with a double love—first as the home of his ancestors, and next as the chosen seat—after Rome—of the Catholic faith. He had hoped, with his Spanish allies, to aid in the good work of conquering Ireland for the Church of Rome and the King of Spain. Bitter, therefore, was his chagrin, when he learned that the castle of Dunboy had been ceded, after the battle of Kinsale, by the Spanish leader to the English victors. Could a proud Celt endure such disgrace? One night, while he was sleeping in the castle—a privilege granted to him by the Spanish captain—eighty of his sept, masons among them, broke through the wall, and a thousand others surrounded the fortress with a ring of menace. The Spaniards, taken utterly by surprise, fired a few hasty shots, which killed three of the Irish; but they were soon disarmed and had to leave the castle, abandoning ordnance, food, and all munitions of war. O'Sullivan

Retaken by O'Sullivan.

then dug new trenches, and piled the earth into new gabions, in preparation for the coming siege.

In spite of much croaking as to the difficult rocky ground he would have to pass, the impossibility of transporting cannon, and the certainty of his being waylaid in the mountain passes, Lord President Carew, though very ill, marched from Cork with 1,500 men, and in seven days reached Carew Castle near Glengariff. But it took more than a month to complete his plans of approaching Dunboy.

Carew leaves Cork. April 20, 1602.

On the 1st and 2nd of June the entire force was carried in ships along Bantry Bay to the large island of Beare, which lay in front of Dunboy Castle. There the Constable of Dunboy, named Richard MacGeoghegan, holding an interview with the Earl of Thomond, not without the knowledge of the Lord President, tried to frighten the Earl by describing the works that defended the only available landing-place near the Castle.

English forces land at Beare.

But Carew outwitted the rebel garrison. Having surveyed the shore in a pinnace, he

discovered an open space on the mainland, hidden from the rebels by a hill, and divided from them by a rocky inlet of the sea. On this he decided to land. By placing two brass falcons and landing two regiments on a small island within a musket-shot of the usual landing-place, he deceived the rebels as to his intentions; and, while their eyes were bent on this movement, he sent his remaining force in boats to the newly discovered creek, and had his whole array in fighting order on firm ground, before the disordered enemy could run their half-mile race round the rocky cleft. In this first brush, twenty-eight Irish were killed, and seven of the English hurt (June 6th).

The first brush.

The quick military eye of the Lord President, who calmly went within range of the castle guns to reconnoitre the ground, soon discovered "a faire green plot of ground, not 140 yards from the walls, like unto a naturall platform"; and here, on the rafters taken from an old church, the labour of a week planted a battery, consisting of one demi-cannon, two whole-culverins, and one demi-culverin.

A battery planted.

The bombardment of Dunboy began on the 17th of June at five in the morning; and at nine the south-west turret fell with a crash —iron falcon, rebels, and all—choking with ruined masonry the six-foot space between the keep and the outer wall. By one, the west front had crumbled beneath the fire. An offer of surrender then came from the rebels; but, as they continued shooting, Carew merely hanged the messenger, and ordered the breach to be stormed.

June 17, 1602.

The bombardment of Dunboy.

The English officers having cast dice to decide who should head the forlorn hope, Lieutenant Francis Kirton led the way "at push of pike"; and for some hours a desperate fight was waged among the heaps of ruin. The rebels made a gallant stand in the narrow space between the east wall and the curtain of the barbican, hurling shot and stones upon the stormers; but when a sergeant, by clearing away some rubbish, discovered a window that commanded their position, they at last gave way. Forty made a rush for the sea; only eight reached the

The breach stormed.

water; but three boats had "the killing of them all."

Carew then hoisted the English flag on the shattered keep. But there still remained a struggle to the death.

Seventy-seven rebels had taken refuge in a cellar, which could be approached only by a narrow winding stair of stone. After sunset, Captain Blundell guarded this place until the dawn. Then (18th June) twenty-six Irish came out and yielded. As the Constable MacGeoghegan lay mortally wounded, the remainder of his men chose for their leader an Englishman's son, named Thomas Taylor, who sat with a lighted match in his hand beside nine barrels of powder, swearing that he would blow up the place unless the Lord President gave them a promise of their lives. Carew replied with cannon-shots, which so convinced the rebels of his stern decision, that, to the number of nine-and-forty, they forced Taylor into submission. When some English officers went down into the vault, the wounded Constable caught up a light, and was staggering towards an open barrel of powder, when Captain

A fight in the cellar.

Power, flinging both arms round the desperado, held him until some one killed him. Out of 143 men in the garrison, not one escaped death in some shape or other. The ruins of Dunboy lay in heaps over broken cannons and buried stores; and the blowing-up of the shattered shell with the captured powder rendered the work of destruction complete.

With the fall of Dunboy perished the last hope that Spain could ever rescue the green island from the power of England. A very few still looked southward for the Spanish sails that O'Donnell had promised to bring. One of these was O'Sullivan Beare, who lay entrenched at Glengariff. But, when the snow came, and his trusted captains, Tyrrel and Burke, left him, he struck northward for safety; crossed the Shannon in *currachs*, hastily made of osiers covered with the skin of his slain horses; and at last found a refuge in O'Rourke's Castle at Leitrim, where he faded from history. His winter march from Glengariff to Leitrim reduced his force from one thousand men to thirty-five.

Flight of O'Sullivan Beare.

Meantime, how fared Hugh O'Neill? Mountjoy, pursuing him towards the north, broke in pieces at Tullahoge the famous stone on which for ages the chieftains of the O'Neills had been installed. For a year after the battle of Kinsale, O'Neill had a bad time. Dungannon, the ancient home of his race, lay in ashes; and Mountjoy hemmed him closely in with a line of new forts, notably Charlemont on the Blackwater, and Mountjoy by Lough Neagh. Both sides were now sick of war: the land stank with dead.

O'Neill in trouble.

When O'Neill at length pleaded for peace, the once great Queen, now in her last decay, vacillated constantly in her orders as to his treatment. The four years' war had cost her nearly £1,200,000. One letter gave him only his life; the next added a free pardon and a new title. At length Hugh consented, through Sir William Godolphin, to meet Lord Mountjoy at Mellifont Abbey near Drogheda, the residence of the Moores. And there, within that once graceful pile of St. Bernard, whose ivied crypt still shows in sculptured leaf and groined

Submission of O'Neill at Mellifont.

arch the art of a vanished day, the Earl, sinking on his knees, made free and full submission to the Viceroy in presence of the Council, promising *more suo* to renounce the name of O'Neill; to abjure all alliance with foreign powers, especially Spain; to make his clan obey the English law; and to cut roads through Ulster. He granted also two pieces of land of 300 acres each, for the two new forts already named.

Mar. 30, 1603.

As the conquered chieftain bent his knee before Mountjoy and made his effusive promises, he little knew the fateful tidings which had just crossed the sea. Elizabeth had died six days earlier. When he heard this news at Dublin, a week later, the Earl burst into tears—not of grief for Her Grace the Queen, but of rage and chagrin that he had lost so fair a chance of dictating his own terms or renewing the war.

Death of Queen Elizabeth.

When Lord Mountjoy went to London, he took in his suite two of the conquered Irish chiefs—Hugh O'Neill and Rurie O'Donnell, the latter a younger brother of that Hugh Roe O'Don-

The two chiefs in London.

nell who had fled to Spain. So bitter was the grudge of the English folk against O'Neill, that he was obliged to seek safety amid a body-guard until he returned to Ireland. Mountjoy, as a reward for distinguished services, received the Earldom of Devonshire; O'Donnell became Earl of Tyrconnel; Hugh O'Neill was again acknowledged Earl of Tyrone.

Three or four years went by—years which seemed on the surface a time of peace. A new Lord Deputy, Sir Arthur Chichester, successor of Carew, abolished the Brehon law, re-invested submissive chiefs with a legal title to their lands, divided the tribal territories into large independent estates, and granted more regular charters to the towns. Yet the leaven of discontent still fermented in the Irish mind.

A dropped letter. May 18, 1607.

One day, a letter was picked up at the door of the Council Chamber in Dublin Castle. This paper, written and probably dropped by Lord Howth, gave details of a plot, prompted chiefly by Tyrone and Tyrconnel, for the murder of the Viceroy and the

seizure of Dublin Castle with the aid of a Spanish force.

It was time for these Earls to leave the land of their birth. A French ship, laden with salt, anchored in Lough Swilly, having on board a Maguire, who had heard at Brussels of their intended arrest. Tyrone and Tyrconnel, with relatives and retainers, ninety-nine in number, went on board; and, after tossing for twenty days in the Channels, reached the Seine. There is a story—pretty, perhaps true—that two falcons, blown out to sea, took refuge during the voyage on the rigging, and were fed by the exiled ladies. Below, in the rude cabin, with storm-beaten wings and hopeless hearts, lay two aspiring but broken spirits, whose day of effort and of fame was done!

Flight of the Earls.

The Earls went to Rome, where young Tyrconnel died almost at once (1608), aged only thirty-three; but Tyrone, who became blind, lingered for eight years, living on the charity of Spain, and died in 1616 at the age of seventy-six.

Death of Hugh O'Neill.

The flight of the Earls set free, by confiscation to the Crown, vast lands in Ulster,

amounting to 3,750,000 acres, a large portion of which was assigned by the Plantation of James I. to English and Scottish "undertakers"—colonists who, becoming the salt and safeguard of an almost ruined land, transmitted to their descendants a heritage richer than gold, of mingled enterprise and thrift, of industry that seldom falters, and loyalty that cannot die.

Ulster planted.

CONNECTING SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

FIFTH CENTURY.

About 440. Arrival of **St. Patrick** in Ireland.
,, 445. He founds a church at Armagh.
,, 455. Preaches at Tara.
,, 493. Dies at Saul.

SIXTH CENTURY.

506. Emigration of Irish Scots under Lorn and Fergus to Argyle.
521. Birth of **St. Colum-cille.**
525. Reputed death of St. Bridget.
546. St. Colum-cille founds a church at Derry.
561. Battle of Cooldrevny.
563. St. Colum-cille lands on Iona.
575. Synod of Drumceitt.
597. Death of St. Colum-cille.

SEVENTH CENTURY.

615. Death of St. Columbanus in Italy.
637. Men of Scotch Dalriada defeated at Moira.
684. Egfrid of Northumbria attacks Ireland.

EIGHTH CENTURY.

722. King Ferrall slain at Allen.
738. Death of Hugh Allen, King of Ireland.
795. First landing of the Finn-Gaill.

NINTH CENTURY.

831–45. Reign of Thorkils or Turgesius.
852. The Finn-Gaill defeated at Carlingford.
874. Death of John Scotus Erigena, author of *De Divisione Naturæ*.

TENTH CENTURY.

901–8. Reign of Cormac-mac-Culyenan.
937. Battle of Brunanburgh in Lincolnshire.
968. Danes defeated at Sulcoit.
976. **Brian Borua** King of Munster.
980. Malachy II. becomes Ard-ree.

ELEVENTH CENTURY.

1000. Battle of Glenmama.
1002. Brian supreme King.
1013. Siege of Dublin.
1014. Battle of Clontarf. Death of Brian Borua.
1022. Death of Malachy II.
1064. Accession of Turlough O'Brian, contemporary of William the Conqueror.

TWELFTH CENTURY.

1111. Synod of Rath-Breasail in Westmeath.
1151–56. Reign of Turlough O'Connor.
1155. Pope Adrian's Bull.
1166. Accession of Rurie O'Connor as Ard-ree.
1169. Landing of Fitz-stephen (May).
1170. Landing of **Strongbow** (August).
1171. Relief of Dublin.
1171. Henry II. lands in Ireland (October).
1172. He leaves Ireland (April).
1175. Council of Windsor.
1176. Death of Strongbow.
1185. Landing of Prince John.
1186. Murder of De Lacy.
1198. Death of Rurie O'Connor.

THIRTEENTH CENTURY.

1204. De Courcy defeated in the Battle of Down.
1210. Visit of King John to Ireland.
1217. First tax levied by England.
1233. Murder of Richard, Earl of Pembroke, at the Curragh.
1260. Longsword the Viceroy defeated at Downpatrick.
1295. First Irish Parliament—held at Kilkenny.

FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

1315. **Edward Bruce** lands at Larne (May).
1316. He is crowned King of Ireland.
1316. Arrival of Robert Bruce.
1317. They march to the Shannon.
1318. Death of Edward Bruce at Faughard.
1342. Ordinance of Edward III., introducing the "New English."
1361. Lionel of Clarence Viceroy.
1367. Statute of Kilkenny, enforcing English speech and English modes of life within the Pale.
1394. First visit of King Richard II.
1398. Roger Mortimer the Viceroy killed in battle.
1399. Second visit of King Richard II.

FIFTEENTH CENTURY.

1414. First Viceroyalty of Sir John Talbot.
1425. Second ditto ditto
1447. Sir John—now Earl of Shrewsbury—Viceroy for the third time.
1449. Richard, Duke of York, made Viceroy—hence the Irish love of the White Rose.
1478. **The Great Kildare** made Lord Deputy.
1487. Battle of Stoke.
1495. Poynings' Laws enacted at Drogheda.

SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

1504. Battle of Cnoc-tuagh (Knockdoe).
1513. Death of the Great Kildare.
1534. Rebellion of "Silken Thomas."
1535. Siege of Maynooth Castle.

1537. Execution of "Silken Thomas."
1541. Henry VIII. assumes the title "King of Ireland."
1559. **Shane O'Neill** elected chief of his clan.
1562. Shane's visit to Queen Elizabeth.
1566. Sir Henry Sidney made Viceroy.
1567. Shane killed at Red Bay.
1568. **Earl of Desmond** captured at Kilmallock.
1576. Grace O'Malley visits Sidney at Galway.
1580. Arrival of **Edmund Spenser** in Ireland.
1580. Siege of Smerwick. Massacre of 600 foreigners.
1583. Earl of Desmond killed near Tralee.
1586. Edmund Spenser receives a grant of Kilcolman.
1589. Walter Ralegh at Lismore and Kilcolman.
1594. **Hugh O'Neill** in open rebellion.
1598. Disastrous defeat of the English at Yellowford.
1598. Kilcolman burnt. Flight of Spenser.
1599. Failure of Robert Earl of Essex.

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

1600. Lord Mountjoy made Deputy.
1601. Don Juan de Aguila occupies Kinsale.
1601. Siege of Kinsale begins under Mountjoy and Sir George Carew (Oct. 26).
1601. Battle of Kinsale (Dec. 24-25).
1602. Fall of Dunboy Castle.
1603. Hugh O'Neill, Earl of Tyrone, swears submission at Mellifont (March 30).
1607. Flight of the Earls, O'Neill and O'Donnell.

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